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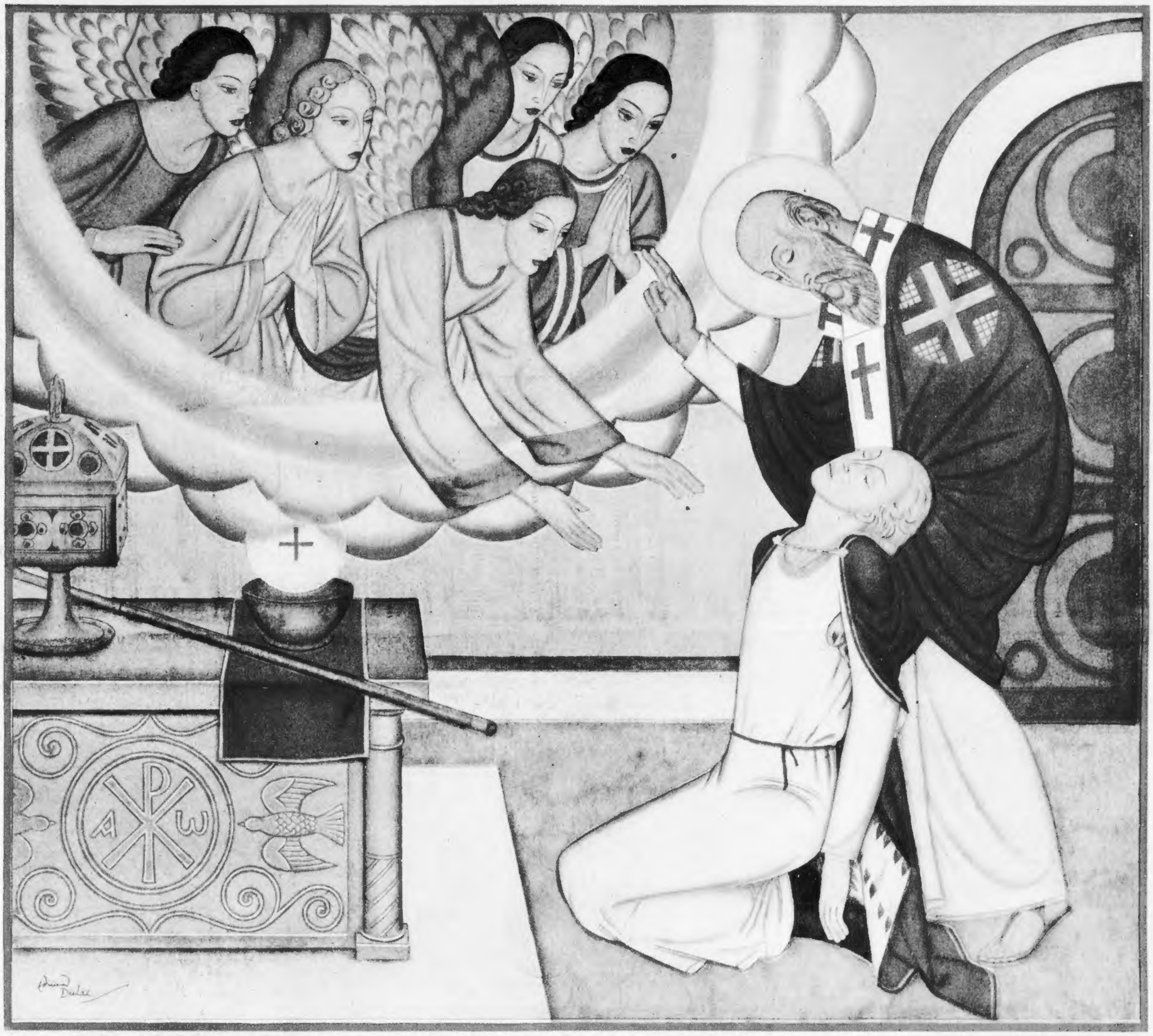

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

No. 4—The Tale of Sir Galahad and His Quest for the Sangreal

THEY say that Joseph of Aramathie brought to England, in a precious cup, the living blood—the Sangreal—of Christ. So long as Arthur and his Round Table served God, the Sangreal revealed itself to their fellowship, but when their fellowship was shattered by sin the Sangreal disappeared, and the best of Arthur's knights went in search of it. Sir Launcelot joined the quest, deeply troubled at heart since he and Queen Guinevere had supplied most of the sin, but there were younger knights whose souls were clean—Sir Percivale and Sir Bors—and Sir Galahad, the purest of all.

Sir Galahad may have seemed, though admirable, a little peculiar, for though he was a saint there is no mention of his having cared much for the men and women he met; if there was one thing he liked more than another it was to avoid human society and disappear over the horizon. But some things that happened to him just at the end will make all clear, especially nowadays when the human race is not behaving well, and you and I may envy Sir Galahad his privilege of quitting when he had enough.

He loved his father, Sir Launcelot, and admired him so far as was practicable, but he knew of course why his father couldn't find the Sangreal. Sir Launcelot came indeed pretty near it; he reached a house where for the moment the Sangreal abode, and an old hermit was in charge of it, or maybe it was an angel disguised as a hermit, and the angel said Sir Launcelot would be admitted to the heavenly vision if first he confessed his sins in true penitence. He confessed everything, including Queen Guinevere.

"And do you repent?" said the angel.

"I do," said Sir Launcelot, but then being honest he held up a finger. "Wait a moment, what do you mean by repent?"

"To repent," said the angel, "is to be sorry, to wish you had never done it and you'll never do it again."

"When I say I repent," said Launcelot, "I mean I'm sorry it was a sin."

"That's repentance in the abstract," said the angel to Launcelot.

"Must I be sorry," asked Sir Launcelot, "that I loved her and that she loved me?"

"You must," said the angel.

Sir Launcelot thought it over, then with a great pain in his heart got up off his knees and left the house.

This was of course a grief to Sir Galahad, but it had been going on for some time, and though he would never be used to it, it was nothing new. He and Sir Percivale and Sir Bors continued the quest without Sir Launcelot's help. After tiresome wanderings they reached a castle in which was a friend of theirs, King Pelles and his son, Eliazar. While they were talking of this and that they heard a voice say, "Two among you are not looking for the Sangreal, and therefore they must leave." King Pelles and his son left.

Then to Galahad, Percivale and Bors appeared five angels from Heaven, and a man who looked like a bishop. This man was Joseph of Aramathie, who greeted them and gave his blessing. And he showed them the Sangreal.

The peace in their hearts was such as they had never known before, especially Galahad. In that moment of exaltation he made a strange prayer; he asked that he might die promptly whenever he should say the word, and a voice from Heaven assured him he'd have his request.

Then Joseph gave them the Sangreal to carry through the world. Wherever there was sickness or distress, and hearts ready to receive the blessing, the Sangreal brought healing, beginning with a minor king, who had trouble with his legs.

They came at last to the city of Sarras, which is not definitely located, but it was a large city and a strong king governed it whose name was Estorause. He didn't like foreigners but sought to keep his people to themselves. Oddly enough, his people were mostly lame.

When Galahad, Percivale and Bors approached the city carrying the Sangreal and a

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(Continued on Page 15)

Many an Old Resident of San Francisco Remembers When Joshua Norton "Ruled" the United States and Mexico—and Fantastically Dressed the Part.

Thought He Was King Of America

THE greatest honor ever paid to the memory of a crazy man will soon be accorded San Francisco's amiable lunatic, Joshua Abraham Norton, who, when he lived, was known as the "Emperor of the United States."

Emperor Norton, like other of San Francisco's famous citizens, will be memorialized in a statue of stone or stainless steel, atop one of the city's many hills.

Several weeks ago, a well known California artist, Peter Macchiarini, made a model of Emperor Norton in plaster. This immediately caught the eye of a group of San Francisco capitalists who were boys when the famous crazy man was the most fantastic character of the then fantastic city.

"Why not build a statue to Norton?" one of them suggested. This met with immediate response, and already a fund is being taken up to pay for it.

Macchiarini's model shows the "Emperor" as he was seen often-times on the streets of San Francisco—dressed in a specially-designed uniform with wide epaulettes and a Civil War forage cap. In his right hand he holds his favorite umbrella and his left hand is extended across his breast, a characteristic pose.

Emperor Norton, once a wealthy business man, was a famous character in the eighties. His mind was deranged after he lost his money and he announced himself as the Emperor of the United States and the Protector of Mexico. With his two dogs, Bummer and Lazarus, he roamed the streets of the city in his fantastic clothes.

His personal drafts on the "royal exchequer" were issued on local merchants and they were always honored. Once the Board of Supervisors voted him a new uniform and the Emperor responded by issuing each man on the board a patent of nobility.

As crazy as the Emperor was, he did one thing that today stands out in the minds of San Franciscans as phenomenal; He made a "royal" decree that a bridge should be built from the shores of San Francisco to Oakland, via Yerba Buena Island. This is the exact location of the San Francisco Bay Bridge of today.

Norton was born near Capetown, South Africa. He arrived in San Francisco in the early part of 1851, bringing with him a capital of $40,000. He established himself in business, and as money was easy to make in California those days, he soon became wealthy.

In 1853 he became eagerly speculative and tried to gain control of the rice market. He bought heavily to effect a corner and capitalists applauded him for his daring. He seemed on the verge of an immense fortune in profits and he built extravagant dreams. Almost the last pound of rice in port had been purchased.

Then came the blow. Two unexpected shiploads of rice arrived from China. Norton and his newly-formed company could not take them up and were almost ruined. The shock of disappointment was a blow to his sanity.

Previous to this time, Norton had been a strong anti-Republican. He advocated England's system of government and insisted that that of the United States was infamously crude and should be reconstructed. What it needed was an emperor, he said, and he would add, "If I were Emperor of the United States, you would see great changes, and everything would go along harmoniously."

After his misfortune he became very morose, and his friends, seeking to brighten his days, would address him as "Emperor" and ask his advice on important matters. Soon this title became firmly affixed. Finally he insisted he was Emperor of the United States, and when some Mexican troubles sprang up soon after, he added "Protector of Mexico" to his pseudonym.

From the time insanity set in, he was generally uncouth in his appearance, but after acquiring his full title, he adopted an immaculate uniform, with gold braid, epaulettes and a sword.

Believing himself a sovereign with immense national cares, he continually endeavored to effect some monstrous loan to pursue some grand national work. He would walk into some friend's office and attempt to negotiate a loan for several million dollars. But he would depart perfectly contented with twenty-five or fifty cents.

For all his debts he would issue promissory notes. Several weeks before his death he became considerably annoyed by requests to redeem these notes, but he overcame the difficulty by issuing a new set, payable the next year, which he exchanged for the old ones. The new issue read:

> No. 3042
>
> THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES—NORTON I
>
> Promises to pay the holder hereof the sum of FIFTY CENTS in the year 1890, with interest at the rate of four per cent per annum from date, the principal and interest to be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into twenty years four per cent bonds, payable in gold coin. Given under my Royal Hand and Seal this 8th day of January, 1880.
>
> (signed) NORTON I, EMPEROR

Norton ate most of his meals at the free lunch counters. He was admitted to most theatres and music halls free.

Among his proudest possessions were fictitious cablegrams, sent to him by joking telegraphers. They were signed "Emperor of China" or by some ruler of a mythical kingdom asking his advice on important questions.

The Mailman Who Travels 10,000 Miles In A Second

DEEP in the darkness, snow, ice and 70-below-zero cold of the Antarctic, the postman still rings—twice each month—for 137 explorers who will be 10,000 miles from home for the next six months to a year.

Down at the bottom of the world, fathers still get news of baby's first steps or "daddy" and all the little details of pathos, sentiment and humor which make personal letters so important.

The postman with the 10,000-mile beat delivers his mail through the air over General Electric's powerful short wave station in Schenectady, New York, WGEO. Except for official radiogram notices dealing with matters of life and death, the postman's bi-weekly visits over the air lanes are the only means of contact the explorers have with family and friends back home. This mail service is probably the fastest in the world because a radio signal travels at a speed that would circle the world seven times a second.

Inaugurated during Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's first expedition to the Antarctic from 1928 to 1930, the "Byrd mailbag" has become important to the social life of the polar expedition. WGEO (then known as W2XAF), with its specially designed directional antenna, was the only station consistently received down near the South Pole. The mailbag was resumed for Byrd's second trip from 1933 to 1935 and, in the best post office tradition, not a single delivery was missed.

The mailbag for the third expedition began in December, 1939, just after its two boats, the North Star and the U. S. S. Bear, cleared the Panama Canal.

Every other Friday at midnight the Antarctic postman sits before his microphone in Schenectady with a bag bulging with from 150 to 200 letters. Over the whole length of a expedition these letters will often save the polar explorer from the fate of a short-term Rip Van Winkle, keeping him posted on little life stories that carry through the first romance, engagement, marriage, births or divorce in a single family.

The 137 Men With Admiral Byrd in the Antarctic Get Letters From Their Families and Friends Twice a Month—and the Postman Is at the Other End of the World.

Because the postman has lots of mail and only an hour and a half to complete his "delivery," the letters are limited to about 50 words. Typical are these brief extracts from a recent mailbag:

"We're having snow here in place of our usual Tennessee sunshine" . . . "Bought Glory hockey skates and your daughter really skates alone" . . . "Am sure you will be glad to know that Carr's contract has been renewed for three years" . . . "Son has taken up flying."

"Clara Eaton died two days before Christmas" . . "Pete is working in the tannery. Herb has a job in the bowling alley" . . . "Carroll Ann walked by herself Christmas Day" . . . "Little Phil is learning to ski" . . "A son was born to Helen and Howard on our anniversary."

These letters make the explorers drop everything when time comes for the bi-weekly mailbag. The cook deserts his soup, snow diggers leave their airplane sloughed in a drift, meteoroligsts drop their compilations . . . everyone heads for the radio.

Among the most faithful writers are friends at home who were members of previous Antarctic and other polar expeditions. They know what the mailbag means. One former explorer, Carl O. Petersen, recently wrote to the radio postman:

"I will never forget one broadcast when four of us were marooned on a newly discovered plateau on our way up the Edsel Ford mountains. We had only two pairs of headphones. We split the phones so each man had one earpiece. The broadcast came in like a local station . . . Joe Rucker, who had been a member of the first Byrd expedition as cameraman for Paramount, was a speaker on that program and I clearly recall his words that night. He said, 'I can see you, Carl, sitting there in the radio station sending your messages and you, Harold—Harold June—smoking your pipe.' Little did Rucker know how far removed we were from that comfortable radio shack."

The writers and the postman work together to put across the news in the fewest possible words. Some writers become adept in taking advantage of the limited privacy of broadcasting to the world.

"The next time you hear from Bernie and me," one wrote in the last mailbag, "we hope to have some extra special news for you. We would tell you now but we're not sure."

Other writers seem to forget that not only all the members of the expedition, but anyone else in the world who happens to be awake and the owner of an all-wave radio may be listening in. The postman has to censor a few letters. Every week he has to make a careful check of the writers' names against the available list of known relatives and friends. An unexpected letter, with the wrong person listening in, might easily result in a divorce suit or some other major embarrassment.

WGEO, broadcasting on a wave length of 31.48 meters, uses a special directive antenna designed by Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson which increases the station's volume in one direction about twenty times.

There is an open invitation to the friends and relatives who supply the radio mailbag's letters to visit the WGEO studio in Schenectady and to deliver their letters in their own voices. When this is done, it is possible for them to get an immediate answer through two-way radio communication. One father on the second expedition heard his baby cry for the first time in this way. Relatives are often moved to tears by the sound of a loved one's voice carried from the bottom of the world.

The two-way communication gives expeditioners a chance to answer letters like this:

"Received the picture of you and the dog; it looks just like you."

On other occasions there isn't much the man at the South Pole can do about the news at home. One explorer got a cheery greeting from his kid brother, who said he had traded a wrist watch and a revolver, which cost him seven dollars, for an automobile. Kid brother signed off with an affectionate farewell, and as an afterthought said in a postscript: "Traded your shot-gun for an auto tire. Glad you don't need it."

Thinking About Babies Blamed For Eyelid Sties

FEW persons would suspect that just thinking about an addition to the family might make Mamma get ugly sties on her eyelids. Yet stork-on-the-brain does seem to bring out these little sores on women's eyes, according to Dr. W. S. Inman, of Portsmouth, England, in a report to the British Medical Association.

The doctor has discovered that some women came into his office with a sty on their eyes and confessed that the thought of having a baby bothered them.

After years of listening to sty-eyed women's stories—all strikingly similar—Dr. Inman decided he didn't need medical skill to see a connection between sties and baby worries, but his medical friends laughingly refused to believe that sties and babies linked up at all. So Doctor Inman set out to prove he was right.

Nine Out of Ten of the Sty Sufferers Admitted That They Were Thinking of Becoming Mothers.

For months he buttonholed every alternate sufferer from any kind of eye trouble and asked if they had any interest in babies. He got all kinds of answers and found that nearly nine out of ten women stye sufferers really were worrying about having a baby.

A possible explanation of Dr. Inman's discovery might be that when worries start they cause a remote part of the body to mysteriously lose its power to fight off germs. Everyone's skin always has many germs on its surface, and some will cause a sty, if they get a chance.

When a woman begins worrying about having a baby her whole gland system may go haywire and make her whole body an easier prey for germs. But it seems that the glands upset by baby worries often pick out only the eyelids for trouble, and sties result.

Such explanation of sties is no stranger than worries about the stock market or a crop failure that gives a person stomach ulcers. Doctors incline to accept that idea, first developed by the late Dr. Harvey Cushing.

Another kind of mental muddle makes "cold sores" pop out at the corner of the worrier's mouth. Mental anxiety may even cause arthritis. Recently three Boston doctors studied fifty arthritis patients. Worry about loss of a job, lack of funds or various family misfortunes was present in most cases.

If worry can cause stomach ulcers, cold sores and arthritis, it probably can make sties, too. But the question still unanswered is why baby worries affect eyelids instead of some other part of the body?

When the Hard-Bargaining Father Saw That His Pretty Daughter Was Getting Thinner, He Closed the Deal for Her at About Two Dollars a Pound.

Bought A Bride For $2 A Pound

SHAKESPEARE'S immortal Shylock valued a pound of flesh at three thousand ducats. That was the amount he had lent to Antonio on the understanding that if the Merchant of Venice failed to meet his liabilities within a given time, Shylock would be entitled to claim a pound of his flesh. This celebrated bargain has made Shylock's name a by-word that has gone down to posterity as synonymous with wicked greed, usury and lust for revenge.

Yet 3,000 ducats for a pound of flesh is a story that comes from Bosnia, a province of Jugoslavia, where, contrary to the custom still prevailing in many places, the bride's father does not give the bridegroom a marriage portion. Instead, the husband-to-be buys his bride from her father. This custom prevails among the peasants, who value women as workers and pay for them accordingly, and also among the numerous wandering gypsy tribes, whose women and men alike work no more than they can help. It was Meho Halinovitch, head of such a nomad gypsy tribe, who recently struck a curious bargain with Huso Rahmanovitch, a gypsy lad of twenty-three.

Halinovitch's daughter, Meira, was famed for her beauty among the Romany gypsies of Bosnia. Although she was barely thirteen, Meira already had suitors galore. At this age, when girls of other races still belong in the schoolroom, the gypsy girl is developed to the full bloom of womanhood. At eighteen, the gypsy woman is already faded; at twenty-five she is an old woman.

But Meira was "sweet thirteen" and lovely, with her smooth brown skin, her lithe figure and sparkling, bewitching jet-black eyes. Probably she would have been married long before this had not her father set too high a price for her. But Halinovitch demanded such a stiff price that the suitors gradually dwindled and vanished, and the beautiful Meira was in great danger of becoming an "old maid"—a gypsy girl is definitely that if she is a spinster at the mature age of fifteen—had not Huso Rahmanovitch fallen so passionately in love with her black eyes that he was inspired to make her father an acceptable, if unusual offer.

"I'll pay you a hundred dinars (about two dollars) for every pound of Meira," he told his prospective father-in-law. "That's a fair offer—you can take it or leave it."

Then began a haggling which lasted several weeks. Meho Halinovitch already knew that he would ultimately accept the offer, but he did everything he could to make Meira put on weight so as to increase her price. Meira, however, grew thinner, either because she wanted to save money for her lover, or because she was pining away for love of him. Anyhow, when her father noticed she was reducing and thereby stealing money out of his pocket, he called it a bargain, after inducing Huso to better his offer by paying every member of the Halinovitch clan an extra premium of a thousand dinars per head.

The wedding celebrations, held in the cattle market of a small town near Sarajevo, began by conducting the bride-to-be to the scales after the women of the bridegroom's clan had convinced themselves that she wore nothing weighty except her wedding dress. They even removed the heavy chains of gold coins that adorned her neck and the heavy gold rings on her fingers.

Since Meira, careful of her lines, weighed only 105 pounds, the happy bridegroom paid 10,500 dinars—about 210 dollars in cash—to his father-in-law, but by the terms of the contract he had to pay an additional 18,000 dinars as a special premium to the eighteen members of the prolific Halinovitch family. However, Huso considered himself lucky. After all, he would have cared no less for Meira had she weighed more, or if she had belonged to the far more widespread clan of Kolompar, a great dynasty of Romanies, which has at least ninety members, not counting cousins once removed, all of whom would have to have their palms crossed with gold. Gypsies don't place much stock in bank-notes. They want to feel the hard, yellow metal in their fingers and perhaps nip it with their teeth to make sure it is real.

The tribes have curious marriage customs. For instance, in Scotland the bride and groom clasp hands over a pair of tongs or jump over the tongs held by a gypsy grandfather, or leader.

Such a ceremony may bear a relationship to the custom of gypsies in Ireland where the couple jump over a box containing tinsmith's tools. In England and Wales a young gypsy couple may mark their marriage by a "besom" or "broomstick" ceremony. An old grandfather holds a broomstick with one end resting on the ground. The bridesmaid leaps over it first, then the bridegroom, the bride, and last the best man. The couple then are married.

Some such ceremony doubtless was employed after Huso had laid the cash on the line for Meira and a good time was had by all.

The marriageable swains of Jugoslavia who are not gypsies must have been envious of Huso when they remembered their own plight. Ever since the depression set in, weddings in Jugoslavia have suffered such a decline that there is talk of a government subsidy to bring back marriages among the young people of that country. When times were better it was no trick at all for the husky young men to leave home for a few years and return with enough money to buy a wife and settled down to a not-too-strenuous life while "the little woman" kept the home fires burning and did more than her share of work in the barn and the field not to mention the kitchen.

Mary Miles Minter Millions Murder Misery—Will They Haunt Her Forever?

Adela Rogers St. Johns Tells, After Many Years, Why the Former Curly-Headed Beauty of the Silent Films May Never Escape the Ceaseless Feuds That Have Broken Up Her Family, Nor the Echoes From Beyond the Grave of the Shot That Killed Her Lover, William Desmond Taylor, and Shattered the Career She Never Really Wanted, Even When She Was Promised She Would Replace Mary Pickford

"The Stage Mother," Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, Whose Ambitions Brought Mary a Fortune —And Misery.

Like Glowering Clouds That Gather to Obscure a Twinkling Star, the Smoke from the Gun That Killed Director Taylor Blotted Little Mary Miles Minter Out of the Movie Firmament, Ending Forever the Career She Never Wanted.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE other day a small item in a newspaper caught my eyes. For a long time I sat staring at it, somehow startled, almost bewildered.

Even beyond the grave, the Minter feud still goes on!

Even though now it is only a few thousand dollars instead of millions, and the little dark-haired sister is dead, the same curse follows Mary Miles Minter's movie millions.

The mists of time hide the blonde star who once contested the motion picture throne with the greatest of them all, Mary Pickford herself, and a great many people—most people it may be—have forgotten Mary Miles Minter, but the end of what is probably Hollywood's most dramatic and tragic story still has not been written.

Bitter as the mountain feud of Hatfields and McCoys, dark as the curse upon the House of Usher, these dark and bitter things will not die.

Crashing from millions to thousands, from fame to obscurity, from grandeur to ugliness, carrying in its train murder and imprisonment and scandal, unbelievable accusations of fraud and greed and insanity and even murder between mother and daughter, sister and sister, it is Hollywood's version of those strange tales of curses that pursue a family, leaving behind ghosts and haunted lives and haunted castles.

At the center of it all stands Mary Miles Minter, middle-aged now, but once the sweetest, prettiest of all blonde screen beauties, and that mysterious, incredible, dominating woman, her mother.

For it was the mother, Charlotte Shelby, who was so much discussed in the murder case of William Desmond Taylor, the most exciting mystery story still marked "Unsolved" upon police records, that she herself finally asked to be tried for the crime or declared unsuspect by the district attorney.

Oh, the M M M delicately embroidered across the William Desmond Taylor murder, supposedly upon a pink nightgown which Mary says never existed, might well have stood for Millions, Murder, Mystery.

But none of us dreamed of it even then, so beloved, so rich, so secure seemed the little princess of filmland—she never gained the crown from the immortal Pickford, but Princess Royal she certainly was.

How long ago? Twenty years, fifteen years, in the first great, exciting, never-to-be-forgotten days when Hollywood was more magnificent than it is now, more real, more honest—and closer to the heart of the world, I believe. Because for all its perfection and grandeur, "Gone With the Wind" hasn't made people weep nor laugh nor fight nor suffer as "The Birth of a Nation" once did.

But wherever and whenever Hollywood talks together on its own history, whenever screen folk reminisce, you will hear its own story of a curse, of a feud, of a mystery—the story of Mary Miles Minter and her mother.

I think I am telling it now, perhaps for the first time, as the story of a curse, the curse, let us call it, of the House that was built upon sand and when the wind came, and the rain, great was the fall thereof, the curse of the marionette and the woman who pulled the strings—I think I am telling it for the first time because I would like myself to find out the reason for it all.

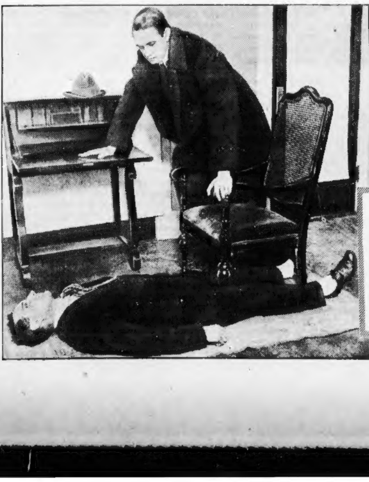
There must be, I believe, a reason for a curse. We hear of many of them—curses that follow families, follow the firstborn, follow the women of a family or the men who go down to the sea in ships. But somewhere there is a reason—a thought—a mistake or an evil or a ruthless ambition or greed, that plants the seed from which the curse must spring.

Perhaps it all came to me so closely because the very day I saw that item in the paper which told of Mary Miles Minter and her mother pursuing Margaret Shelby Filmore's few thousands beyond the grave, involved once again in a court battle, I had been dining with Mary Pickford. Mary Pickford, whose love for her mother and whose mother's love for her was one of Hollywood's rarest gifts, who today is rich enough to play Lady Bountiful, who keeps her great position in the world of women as an influence and a power even though she, too, has retired from the screen.

Much sorrow has followed Mary Pickford—but much love and happiness and spiritual growth have gone with her into every valley of shadow.

Why did so many terrible things drag at the fluttering skirts of the other Mary?

Maybe in telling the story as I remember it, we can find at last some explanation.



Police Re-enacting the Murder of Taylor in the Room Where He Was Slain—A Room That Never Gave Up the Secret of the Killer's Identity.

The first time I ever saw Mary Miles Minter there flashed through my mind a delighted conviction that here at last was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. It's unfair to say that it was rather as though the doll you'd dreamed about every Christmas Eve while you were growing up had come to life—the rosy, round doll with real golden curls and big blue eyes under real dark eyelashes. She was—this is twenty years ago, remember—to be dressed in pink silk and lacy ruffles and have an ermine tippet around her neck—and dimples. Oh, definitely dimples.

Little Mary Miles Minter was like that. And that was somewhat the fashion of beauty in those days, a fashion that probably hasn't changed much if there are any girls around as pretty as Mary was.

I remember I had gone over to have lunch with Bebe Daniels, the most popular girl in Hollywood then—and now it would appear from the way Hollywood behaved when she returned from England this year for a visit—and in that dressing bungalow court the stars of yesteryear were Bebe and May McEvoy and Justine Johnston and Alice Brady—all of them beauties. All of them kids. Probably there never were five more beautiful girls gathered under one roof in one studio, and Mary Miles Minter was the baby and—well, not the most beautiful but the prettiest. I mean, she was pretty like a valentine, like a pink rosebud. That kind of pretty.

I have to make you understand that because I believe it had so much to do with the curse that followed her and I will tell you why. Because those were the days before the talkies, and prettiness alone could make a star—for a little while. Prettiness alone, without much talent, without even any desire or ambition on a girl's part, could make other people use her—a mother decide to fight her way to a great career for a pretty daughter, a producer decide to put her in place of a really great star, who with hard work and personality and real talent had gone to the top. That, you see, is bound to be a House built upon the sands.

I mention that group of stars and that group of little dressing bungalows and those days, because it was there I got my first insight into the life of Mary Miles Minter. It was around the Famous-Players-Lasky studios, where Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan and Mary Pickford worked, that I first knew Mary and her mother, Mrs. Shelby.

Right away, it was plain that Mary Miles Minter wasn't like the other girls. In fact, she hardly seemed like a girl at all—she seemed like a child. We used to talk about it and whisper about it and wonder—frankly—why she let her mother get away with it.

Of course Minter was young—but so were the other girls. Of course it was right that a young girl in such a position and in motion pictures should be chaperoned and protected—and goodness our blessed Phyllis Daniels, Bebe's mother, and May McEvoy's mother and all of them did.

But the girls had a normal life, and they went places, they enjoyed themselves, they spent their own money, they had beaux—plenty of them—and a good time.

We all actually believed—I was pretty much of a kid newpaper woman in those days myself, fancied myself as a girl reporter, I daresay, and wrote pieces for the first of the fan magazines—that Mary Miles Minter played with dolls! She wore Mary Janes—little black slippers without heels and she never had any money, not even enough to stand her turn at buying lunch. That seemed pretty silly, because even before the big contract came along, she was making a four-figure salary as we knew, because, of course, we knew everything that was going on around that studio.

True, she had been a famous child actress, Juliette Shelby—she was the original Littlest Rebel in the stage play which Shirley Temple made into a picture not long ago—but even a child actress, we thought, ought to grow up sometime. After all she was—seventeen—nineteen—or something, nobody ever seemed quite sure about her age.

Looking back through the mists of time, I realize now how pitiful little Mary Miles Minter was in those days, and how lonely. How outside the cheerful, happy, excited and glorious life the rest of us were living, how utterly dominated she was, how misfit and unhappy. We were a reckless, hard working, merry crew—and we thought she was a little bit stuck up (our phrase for what is now called high hat) and a little priggish, and not very bright. Also, she never laughed and we giggled all day long.

Certainly it never occurred to us that Mary Miles Minter, of all girls, would be the sad little heroine of a tragic love affair, the central figure in a sensational murder of which she was actually suspected, as she herself said, and that scandal would drive her into oblivion. We would have believed it of anybody, any one of ourselves, before we would have dreamed it of little Mary.

In fact, we would have hooted with rude laughter at the mere idea. First place, her Mama wouldn't let her out of her sight long enough for Mary to even see a man.

Mrs. Charlotte Shelby was the most Mama-Knows-Best stage mother that ever hit Hollywood. Thin, nervous, blonde as her daughter, she had a personality that grated. Her eyes never warmed up when they looked at you and she had a hard, determined mouth and when she came around a silence fell. She—well, anyway, we didn't like her. I suppose you can like anybody and maybe we were wrong but we didn't.

Somebody made up a jingle we used to sing—

Mary was a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Her heart was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, her Mama had to go.

You must remember that we were young and Hollywood was young and our little successes were pretty exciting to us.

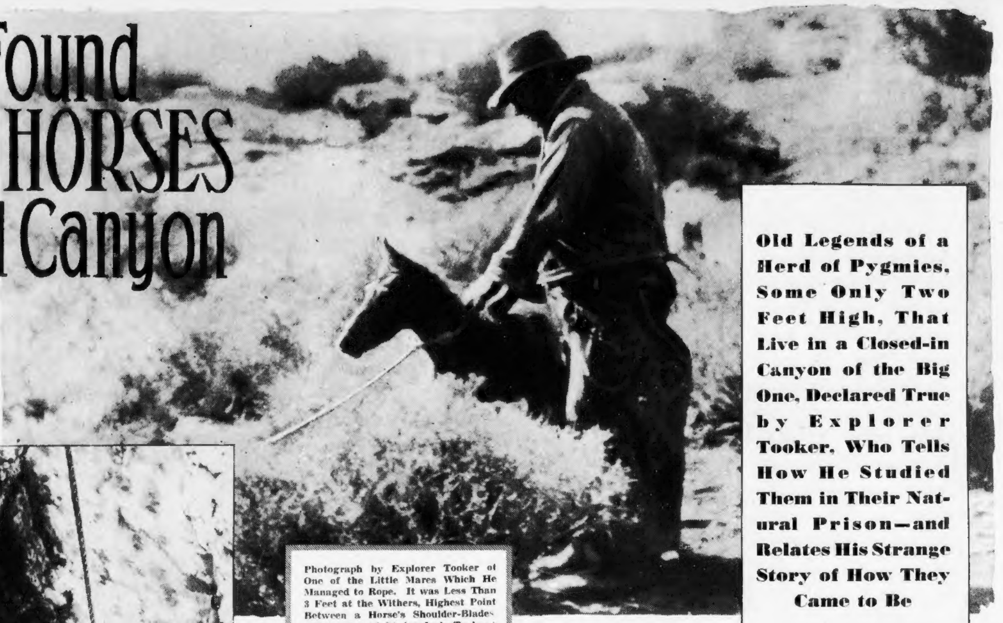
So Mary Miles Minter stayed home and played with her dolls—so we insisted—and never moved one inch without her mother and her sister, dark-eyed, pretty Margaret.

Margaret had ambitions about the screen, too, but they never came to anything and we didn't know that she hated it, that she was bitter because Mary got all the breaks, when Mary actually didn't want them, didn't care anything about them. Years later Mary said, "I never wanted to go to Hollywood. I never wanted to be in pictures. I always hated it. My mother made me go because she thought I would be a success."

Her mother had taken her from their home

(Continued on Page 11)

How I Found the LITTLE HORSES of the Grand Canyon



Photograph by Explorer Tooker of One of the Little Mares Which He Managed to Rope. It was Less Than 3 Feet at the Withers, Highest Point Between a Horse's Shoulder-Blades (Photo Copyright by Jack Tooker.)

Old Legends of a Herd of Pygmies, Some Only Two Feet High, That Live in a Closed-in Canyon of the Big One, Declared True by Explorer Tooker, Who Tells How He Studied Them in Their Natural Prison—and Relates His Strange Story of How They Came to Be

IT IS a matter of scientific knowledge, proven by fossil records in the rocks, that the first horses on earth were little bigger than foxes and had three toes. Then something happened that made the mesohippus, as he is called, begin to grow up until he became the single-hoofed big animal of today.

From time to time there have been stories that "little horses," some of them not much bigger than a fair-sized dog, live in an isolated, almost inaccessible part of the Grand Canyon, and the stories have been repeatedly denied.

The main reason for the denials would appear to be that somehow the idea got around that these little horses were supposedly either a remnant of those which had existed millions of years ago, or were "throwbacks" in the field of evolution. Of course, scientists knew that neither of these things could be true. It is wholly incredible that survivors of the small three-toed creatures could persist over such a period of time.

But now it appears that there are little horses in the Grand Canyon. Mr. Jack Tooker, anthropologist, explorer and widely known authority on the Canyon, who has made that miracle of Nature a study for thirty years, says that he has penetrated their home, lassoed some and even taken pictures of them.

These small creatures have been shrunken into Lilliputians by scarcity of food and inbreeding. This is the whole explanation of the mystery. The littlest foals didn't need as much milk as their bigger brothers and sisters; and as they grew up they did not need so much food so that they lived during hard times when the bigger horses starved to death.

How the ancestors of these horses were trapped in the Canyon more than a hundred years ago and Mr. Tooker's description of what he found in their hidden valley make a most interesting story.

Mr. Tooker Dropping Down the Sheer Edge of the "Canyon of the Little Horses." (From a Photograph by a Companion.)

By JACK TOOKER.

IN THE Grand Canyon of northern Arizona, world-famous for its scenic wonders and mysteries of natural history, lives a herd of Lilliputian horses.

Few people know about them, and the Indians claim that I am the only white man ever to enter their almost impregnable natural prison. They are perhaps the smallest horses in existence, descendants of normal horses of Arabian stock, imported to the southwestern territory some four hundred years ago by the Spaniards.

One hundred and two years ago an Indian whose only name we ever knew was Supai Smiley, left three normal-sized horses—a pinto stallion, a buckskin mare and her colt—in a canyon for safe keeping until he could return for them.

The only entrance or exit to the place, at the time, was a steep, rocky trail. When Smiley finally returned for the horses, he found that the trail leading into the canyon was a sheer wall, at the base of which the horses were trapped beyond recovery. A fault slide had destroyed the only trail that a horse could climb, in or out. This canyon, one of thousands of small canyons that make up the Grand Canyon system, has been the home of the descendants of those horses ever since.

Hemmed in by great walls on all sides, the offspring of Supai Smiley's three horses had room enough to multiply. But scantiness at times of food and water, inbreeding and possibly confinement to some extent, stunted them, and as the years passed, and generation after generation was born, they became smaller and smaller.

The Indians came to call the place the Canyon of the Little Horses, and since it was a canyon within many canyons, and almost inaccessible to most whites, its secret remained hidden from all but a few adventurous natives who dared to scale its walls.

Old Smiley, as we called him at Grand Canyon, was in the earlier years of his long life a captain of scouts for several American generals when the West was mostly Indian territory. I knew him well during many of the last years of his life.

Several times he made me promise never to divulge any of his secrets or retell any of his stories until he had passed on. Consequently, it was not until after his death that I was surprised to find that some of his strange tales were apparently true, and one of these tales was the story of how the Little Horses were imprisoned in the Grand Canyon.

When the first white men explored the Southwest they found many albinos among the Pueblo tribes from which the Supais originated. As a young man Smiley fell in love with one of these "blondes" of his race and married her. She was later stolen by Apaches. But Smiley rescued her and they managed to escape on a pinto stallion and a buckskin mare stolen from the Apache camp.

He wrapped his wife, who was soon to become a mother, in a bearskin robe and rode all night in a raging blizzard, at last reaching an encampment of friendly Hopis.

Shortly afterwards his child was born and as soon as mother and baby were able to travel he set out to find his own people.

When the going became too rough for the stallion and the mare, he turned them loose, along with a recently foaled colt, in what is now the Canyon of the Little Horses, and went on afoot with his family.

That, in brief, was Old Smiley's story. When he first told it to me it was an Indian secret. Smiley and a few other Indians of his age knew that the trapping of the horses was due to natural causes. But most of the Indians believed that the gods had imprisoned the horses there for some hidden purpose and would be angry if white men discovered them.

But Old Smiley trusted me and was willing I go and see them for myself, provided I took no one with me and did not photograph the horses.

And so one morning, I set out on a sure-footed mule, with light camping equipment, and eventually found the old trail that Smiley had described. It was fully as bad as I expected. To descend it I would have to shake hands with the devil every foot of the way. With a coil of rope around my waist, I started down, taking as straight a course as possible.

Finally, I located the cottonwood trees where Smiley had told me there was water, and where the Little Horses would come to drink. But when I decided to drop off I found my sixty feet of rope lacked more than eight feet of reaching the level at the foot of a sheer wall. Hanging at the very end, my feet were still a yard or more from the level, but I was impatient, and let go without considering how I could reach my rope again.

The Little Mesohippus May Have Served the Most Primitive Men as Food, Being Hunted Down Like Slightly Oversized Jack-Rabbits.

A Reconstruction of Mesohippus, the Small Three-Toed Horses of 3,000,000 Years Ago, by Charles R. Knight, a Drawing for the American Museum of Natural History, New York; These Little Creatures Were Scarcely Bigger Than a Fox.

At the spring I found many horse tracks. I hid myself about forty yards from the spring, careful not to be downwind so the animals could not scent me.

Seven horses came in a little later, led by a pinto stallion about the size of a Shetland pony. Some of the mares were much smaller, and there were two horses not much larger than dogs.

All afternoon I watched them come and go, counting forty-one in all. Many were freaks, with small bodies and heads as large as those of normal horses. Others had long bodies like dachshunds, while some had small bodies and heads and seemed to be all legs. But the majority had short legs in proportion to their size, and all had long manes and tails. There were blacks, bays, buckskins, pintos and sorrels with long white manes and tails.

When I had at last looked to my satisfaction at the amazing proof that Smiley's story was true, I moved up nearer the animals at the spring. But they were as shy as deer and soon discovered me, taking flight as fast as their short legs could carry them, manes and tails flying as they leaped the rocky ledges.

Back at the end of my rope, I built a rock wall high enough to reach it, and started the long climb out.

After that Smiley and I seldom mentioned the Little Horses even when alone together, and outsiders never learned about them until after the old Indian's death in August, 1929 (government records show him to have been about 110 years old).

At last I was free to take pictures of the Little Horses. But it was nearly a year after Old Smiley died before I was able to make a second trip into the Canyon of the Little Horses. Sixteen years had passed since my first trip. I took my camera, food and water, and drove my car as far as I could, walking the rest of the way.

This time I found a much easier route down into the canyon, though I had to use a rope most of the way. At the cottonwoods I not only found horse tracks as before, but lion tracks as well, and on looking around, I found two kills—carcasses of the larger horses which had been killed by mountain lions.

The first herd came in about nine in the morning. There were nineteen. I did not get very near them, since they got my wind and took flight.

There were eight in the next bunch, which I was able to corner. I took several exposures of them, and then tried to rope one. But the larger horses were in the way. My rope fell on a bay mare about the size of a police dog, and the two smallest scampered away like rabbits with the rest.

After petting my catch, I tied her up and took several pictures, then released her.

Back at the Grand Canyon, when we tried to develop these pictures, we found them almost totally blank. Investigation revealed that in some way, while going down into the canyon, the camera had been damaged.

In March I began laying plans for an extensive trip into the Canyon of the Little Horses. For thirty days I tried to get one or two white men to go with me. I wanted particularly to secure an expert photographer, for the light in the Grand Canyon is baffling, and I am only an amateur with a camera. But no one fancied such a difficult trip, and in the end I had to be satisfied with two Supai Indians, Watahomigee and a boy named J. Hanaige.

April 23rd found us on top the gray wall, looking down into the prison of the Little Horses. Fastening one end of a long rope to the trunk of a cedar tree, I swung over the edge and slid down, the supplies following me and then the Indians.

It was late afternoon when we camped near the spring, which is located in a V-shaped boxed canyon. The sun was still shining on the north wall of the canyon, but we were in the shadows. About sundown eight little horses came in to drink, led by an old black stallion that had a slim body and unusually long legs. He was the only horse I had seen with such long legs. As soon as they were in the boxed canyon, we closed in. They were wilder than deer, the wildest things I have ever seen. They tried to climb the sheer walls, and I feared they would all commit suicide.

When the dust settled we had two, the black stallion and a four-year-old mare. Their teeth proved their age, together with their muscular development. The mare was four and the stallion at least thirty years old.

The body of the stallion was so slender that I could span him at the flanks with my two hands, and he was mean.

It was too late to take photographs, but I snapped one or two shots of the little mare and believing others would come in, I turned her loose, keeping the stallion for photographs in the morning. Being short of ropes, we tied the stallion to the end of the line we had used in descending into the canyon, the other end of which was still fastened to the tree on the ledge above.

Next morning our stallion was gone with part of our rope, and we were trapped like rats in a well. The horse had sawed through the rope by whetting it back and forth on the rocks above.

I began looking around for a place to climb out, but the Indians did not fancy the idea and suggested that we go to the Supai Indian village at the far end of the canyon, a long and dangerous route, but possible. After breakfast, we set out westward, and after trailing about two hours, we sighted all eight of the horses we had first seen. They were out on a barren, rocky point, drinking from the potholes which had filled with water from rain or melting snow. We cornered them on a point with ledge after ledge below. But before we could get near enough for a picture, they all disappeared over the edge.

We ran up and looked down over a precipice. Below were the black stallion, a white mare and a blue-spotted filly, lying dead on the rocks. The other five had jumped from ledge to ledge like mountain sheep and escaped.

A Comparison of Mesohippus and the Belgian Stallion, "Brooklyn Supreme."

5,000 SHE-TRAMPS Ruining the Road for 40,000 Lady Hoboes

The Decent, Law-abiding Hoboette Is Always Welcome at the Jungles, as the Camps of Hoboes Scattered Throughout the Country Are Called, and Share the Duties of the Camp Equally With the Men—But Mr. Davis Points Out the Invading Trampettes and Bumettes, by Their Crookedness and Lack of Code, Are Beginning to Be a Menace Even to the Jungles.

Mr. Jeff Davis, "International King of the Hoboes" and Philosopher, Explains How Dishonest, Unscrupulous "Trampettes" and "Bumettes" Are Making Life Difficult for the Decent, Law-abiding, Industrious Men and Women Who Have the Wanderlust

RECENTLY Mr. Jeff Davis, "King" of the International Hoboes' Organization, was quoted as saying that there are now 5,000 women hoboes and that they are making life difficult for the Knights of the Road. "King" Jeff is "Chief Dispatcher" or president of the American Hoboes' Union, a philosopher, a hobo himself, and a fine organizer as well, and ought to know. But Mr. Davis, asked to amplify his remarks, explains that there are not 5,000 but 40,000 women hoboes, and that the 5,000 he referred to are "trampettes" and "bumettes," scum, and a fast-growing pest. His thoughtful and unusual article follows.

By JEFF DAVIS
(King of the Hoboes).

THERE are, roughly, 40,000 women hoboes, or hoboettes, in this country.

They are honest, law abiding, decent girls and women.

But recently there has been an influx of some 5,000 trampettes and bumettes, who are neither honest, law abiding nor decent. And this disreputable army has greatly complicated life not only for the hoboettes but for the hoboes.

Let me define the three.

THE HOBOETTE

The hoboette is a legitimate female member of the International Hobo Organization, who will and does work as she travels like her male counterpart. She ranges in age from 18 on—in other words she's of age. She is born with the wanderlust or has the wanderlust thrust upon her by unsolved problems of love, economics or homelife. She believes that the world owes her an opportunity and she goes forth to meet it.

THE TRAMPETTE

The trampette is a female tramp of the road who thinks the world owes her a living and goes out to collect it. She is without principles, has no self-respect, no real womanhood or decency and usually ranges in age from 18 to 35. She's the exact opposite of the hoboette and therefore the greatest menace not only to her sister hoboette but to hoboes in general.

THE BUMETTE

The bumette is a female bum, a trampette at the end of her mistaken plan of life as she wanted to live it. Drink, dope and promiscuity help her try to drown, yet only make worse, her utter degradation and misery. She has reached the end of the trampette's road and awaits the end of her reckless journey.

* * *

To the hoboette of America I doff my cap.

For the trampette and bumette I have nothing but contempt and loathing. And yet I pity them.

They are ruining the road, not only for their own sex but for both sexes.

And there are 5,000 of them, today!

We have discovered this through our grapevine system which has thousands of our own police (Jungle Bulls) and 414 assistant secretaries scattered throughout America at provisional districts.

Through the same system we have found that two-thirds of the 5,000 are trampettes and the remaining one-third, bumettes. Police records verify our findings.

Twenty-five years ago, the road boasted only a few—18 or 20, perhaps. Naturally timid they shrank as far as possible from the hobo or any other male. It was scarcely possible to recognize them because of the skull caps they wore which both confined and hid their hair and over which they pulled down a typical hobo cap which, worn at a hoboish angle, helped materially to disguise their sex.

It may be said that in most instances it has fooled even the seasoned knight of the road.

But how times have changed! And changed the type of the girl on the road.

The hoboette is still the true knightess of the road and when she has proved her worth she has such honors as "duchess" conferred upon her by the hobo's organization.

Jean DuVail, of New York City, one of our foremost hoboettes, was made a duchess in our 1938 Altoona, Pennsylvania, convention—the thirtieth anniversary of the Hoboes of America. Because of her personality, genuine womanly qualities and the many helpful deeds she has performed for her sister hoboettes, Jean won her crown. She is today the wife of a wealthy Nebraska business man—a man who picked her up on the road when Jean was enroute to Hollywood from Greenwich Village, New York.

Two Typical Hoboettes Hopping a Freight After Attending the Altoona, Pennsylvania, Convention, Where a "Duchess" of the Hoboettes Was Elected.

Jean's itching foot is temporarily in clover and she's kissed the road good-bye—so Jean says. And Miss DuVall didn't get her bridegroom with a gun, either, which the trampette uses to "collect" HER stake in life.

Jean's smile proved mightier than the rod.

But what a contrast to the hoboette is the trampette, who is a sort of "scenery bumette"—merely out for the change of environment—or "What have you?"

The trampette hits a town by freight, hitchhiking or 'boing a ride on trucks. And even the hardened veteran truck driver has been shocked at what he finds now in the behavior of the trampette.

Eventually the trampette becomes a bumette, settling down in some town. Her preference is a middle-sized town and for this reason: a seasoned bumette is usually police-tabbed and she steers clear of the city police who would promptly pick her up and throw her in the hoosegow.

Trucks Are Becoming an Increasing Prey for the She-Tramps and She-Bums who Hitch-Hike and then Rob and Sometimes Murder the Driver.

Police records for over a quarter of a century have identifications of trampettes and bumettes but they're booked, instead, as female vagrants and female criminals.

In the old days, trampettes traveled de luxe from town to town. They were known as "molls" in the "John Johnson family," which was the moniker, or name, for crooks of considerable experience who hit the road.

As an example, I recall the old Lake Shore gang, who used to rob freight trains from coast to coast while their molls settled down after a big haul to prepare apartments for their men—but always temporary ones, nevertheless.

These trampettes or molls worked also in badger games, confidence games, passing counterfeit money, rubber checks and shoplifting.

The trampette of today is independent, brazen, wants to work alone in most of her jobs, although there are quite a number that work in rings with men, but never with other women. It's the legendary distrust of her sex, it appears. When it comes time for the payoff, trampettes are afraid of one another—knowing how easy it is for one of her kind to squawk, snitch or blow the works.

INT'L PRESS

And This Is Mr. Davis, International King of the Hoboes and "Chief Dispatcher" or President of the Hoboes of America.

Here is a typical instance of the lone trampette's procedure. Say she is hitch-hiking by auto with but one purpose in view—to trim a "sucker." One trick is to pull a small gat from her purse, holding up her good Samaritan—the man who stops to give her a lift.

It is estimated in court records that at least several hundred of these trampette holdups take place in America each year. Many times the trampette resorts to blackmail, and unless her would-be good Samaritan forks over the amount she dopes out as the right "take"—judging by the amount of his bankroll when he buys gas or what she observes are his personal jewelry effects—she threatens a cloudburst.

"All right, big boy, you invited it!" And with a snarl she rents the air with a shriek—just to give an example of her lung power. Cleverly, she's warned him of the outcome (assault, or what have you), if he doesn't come across with both cash and "ice"—his personal jewelry.

And if you don't think this treatment is effective to the average male—whether he's single or married—grandpa or jitterbug—just witness the scene of a poor man confronted by his angry wife in a theatre lobby, after he's just informed her he left the tickets at home. Under the tongue lashing, he freezes stiff and gets the expression on his face of a sick seal.

The trampette has her prey in practically the same fix. She threatens by her screams or calls for help to bring him to public attention. But while the first instance is only a case of public embarrassment or putting the tortured male in the grease, the second instance is tar-boiling 'im, feathers and all. What a peculiar bird he's turned out to be!

He's listened to her most believable tale before he took her as his "guest" in his automobile.

She told him why she was hitting the road. She was enroute to her sick mother, was penniless and unable to pay railroad or bus fare—and this was her first hitch-hike, the very first time she'd ever thumbed a ride. And as she related this sympathy-getting story, she acted the part of a nice girl in an unfortunate circumstance. To offset any suspicion her benefactor is certain to have because of similar cases he has read or heard about, she forces a stray tear as he studies her.

The sucker notes her appearance. Here, too, she's played the part. She presents a picture of a nicely but modestly dressed young lady in embarrassed need of assistance in an unexpected emergency. The fact that she has made herself attractive in appearance and manner only makes the poor boob more impressionable. He's swallowed the baloney! Another poor fish has been caught.

And does he get a shock! A few miles out the trampette opens her purse, as though to extract a handkerchief—to wipe away more stray tears. But what she's done is to spring a gat within its folds. Pulling back, she aims the rod directly at him and says—"or else."

I recall a case related by one of our 'bo-members, hitching during a cold spell when riding the rails is dangerous. He asked a ride of an autoist who stopped at a gasoline station. But he greeted the 'bo with this washout:

"Can't give you a ride, buddy, even though you look all right to me—not after what happened last night!"

He went on to explain, the 'bo related, how he'd picked up a nice looking girl at a gasoline station after having been told a story about a sick little daughter and how the mother wanted to get quickly to her bedside.

"We'd only traveled about ten miles," the 'bo quoted the autoist, "when this inoffensive, nice looking little girl changed my mind about giving anyone on the road a lift."

My 'bo friend inquired: "What happened, mister?"

"Huh! Only, this——. That experience cost me at the rate of $3 a mile. That babe pulled a gun, took my cash." And as the autoist drove away, he called back:

"Maybe the next guy'll give you a lift, friend. I'm cured!"

This is only one of the many instances where a bona fide member of our world-wide Hobo's Union, of which there are one million registered members, was sidetracked because of the vicious practices of the trampette.

Our Hobo Organization, which offers yearly a sworn statement of its true total membership and finances, and since 1914, has been incorporated under the state laws of Indiana, asks nothing except the temporary indulgence of a free ride by freight, auto or truck.

And why? The registered hobo is an itinerant who works as he hoboes along and must not be confused with the tramp, who travels but won't work. The latter thinks the world owes him a living and it is he who eventually becomes a bum, a complete down-and-outer, coming to the end of the road in Potter's Field.

The hobo picks oranges in California, strawberries in Hammond, Louisiana, is a lumberjack in the camps of the Northwest, does railroad construction work, and you'll even find him, a laborer in the fisheries of Alaska. When it comes election time, the hobo hits the rods for his voting residence. He is vitally interested in the affairs of his country. And why shouldn't he be? Does anyone know his country any better—scenically, geographically, physically, or economically?

At Christmas time, the hoboes jungle up, from all over the country, and are on the alert for transportation home and back to their families. They'll hit the gondola (open car) ride the rods or the blinds or even the pilot, if necessary. But, you bet, they're going to show up with Santa Claus even if their only chance is to hop a drag (a slow freight train).

The Hoboettes of America, whose registration today is more than 40,000 are the only

(Continued on Page 18)

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1 pint . . . . 59¢	*1 pint . . . . 59¢*	*1 pound . . . 59¢*
1 quart . . . 98¢	*1 quart . . . 98¢*	*2 pounds . . . 98¢*
1/2 gallon . $1.59	*1/2 gallon . $1.59*	
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SMART GIRLS—BUT a Bad Cupid Fooled 'Em

Five Court Stories to Show Why City Slickers Don't Have to Leave Town Any More to Find Pretty Victims to Woo and Confuse, For 'Tis Easier Now It Seems to Deceive the Worldly Wise City Girl Than the Farmer's Daughter

New York's Smart Cafe Society Was All Atwitter Over the Beautiful Romance of Maxine Montgomery, the Stork Club Hat Check Girl, and Dave Kellogg, a Wealthy Young Lochinvar From the West — Until He Was Unmasked as David Levine, a Lowly Pencil Salesman on a Spree.

PHOTO MURRAY KORMAN

The Liberal Education Gerri White Had Picked Up Singing in Night Clubs Made Her Distrust All College Boys; So She Married One of Them and Found He Didn't Have an Income After All.

OF ALL modern girls, which type is the easiest for a man to deceive? Is it the simple country maiden, brought up on the farm?

Not at all! According to actual court records, a series of gold-bricked brides reveal that the likeliest victims are the worldly-wise night-club beauties and the cafe-society ladies. These are the ones who ought to know the difference between a bona fide rich man and a dolled-up pauper as easily as a bank teller tells a genuine ten dollar bill from a counterfeit.

But it seems that they don't, and perhaps the father of the simple country maiden is the man who knows why. When a farmer sticks a scarecrow up in the cornfield, the only bird it fools is the smartest one of them all, the suspicious crow. The others light on the scarecrow's empty hat and may even nest in its pockets.

For instance, there is Miss Gerri White of Greenwich Village, such a sophisticated part of New York City, that the babies are supposed to be born there hard-boiled. Miss White, who looks like a pocket edition of Mae West, has sung blues at Village night clubs for the past six years and is billed as "93 pounds of hot rhythm."

Not only did Gerri, at the advanced age of 23, know the worst about Santa Claus, but, of all the customers who drop into a night spot, the ones that always gave her the most severe pain in the neck were college boys having a fling.

Yet it was one of these despised "learned dumb-bells" that led her right up to the altar, and he was without money, too, which is the shortest of all shortcomings in a husband.

"This fellow Edwin, I'll never call him my husband, was introduced by one of the girls at the club," said the disillusioned Miss White. "He was handsome, attractive, football stuff, you know, over six feet tall, about 180 pounds, black eyes, wavy hair, about 25 years old — sounds like the police description of a body, doesn't it? Well, it's a tragedy, and I still don't see how the accident happened."

Within a reasonable time, he announced that he was in love and wanted to marry her. Somebody tells Miss White something like that most every evening, the message going in one ear and out the other. Edwin also told her that she was too fine a girl for night-club work. This is also an ancient line but he made it interesting by adding that he wanted to take her to Los Angeles where he and his money came from.

Gerri was raised in California and this struck a homesick note.

Showgirl Austra Constant Thought She Knew Her Way Around, But an Impecunious Auto Salesman Took Her on a Detour Into Matrimony She Won't Soon Forget.

As for the money, news about that came out casually, bit by bit. First there seemed to be a trust fund from which he drew a regular income. Then there was a legacy, to come soon, and finally a wealthy friend who believed in marriage and had promised him a handsome endowment if he would take that step while young.

It sounded plausible to Gerri. She had heard rich old grandpas, slightly in their cups, promise millions around and once in a while one actually made good. After three months, Miss White was sufficiently in love to marry Edwin, though her roommate from the start had said the man was "phony."

Being so very sophisticated, the "hot-rhythm" lady set it down to jealousy. A farm lass might at least have wondered.

Last August third, they drove with a party of friends to the Riverside Church, at Riverside, Connecticut, and were married.

The very next morning the bridegroom announced that he had dropped out of school because he couldn't pay the tuition, his bank account and income were tied up till October and meanwhile he hadn't a dime. Neither had the bride who had blown everything on the wedding, but she let him have some jewelry to pawn and her salary check.

When he came back with the proceeds mostly on his person, in the form of haberdashery, she says she went after the young man. He is said to have confessed that his financial statement was entirely imaginary, but if she would throw her roommate out and take him in he would look for a job and... At this point, she says:

"I threw him out instead and called in my lawyer, Mr. Nathan Fleischer, of 261 Broadway. Now, thanks to Mr. Fleischer, I am no longer one of those blushing brides you hear about — although I blush every time I think of the way I was taken in."

INT'L PHOTO

Sophisticated Phyllis A'Court Beadon's Attractive Husband Was a Big Distiller Until the Law Caught Up With Him; Then He Was Just a Number in a New Jersey Jail.

Socialite Helen K. Brown Married a Composer and Impresario Whose Income Miraculously Dwindled on Their Wedding Night From $100,000 to Nothing at All.

The most masterly approach for disarming the suspicions of a sharp-eyed coat-check beauty was made by 20-year-old David Levine, a Brooklyn pencil salesman, who yearned for romance and Broadway night life but lacked much of anything to use in the way of money.

Had he made his debut at any of the night spots in evening dress, it would have taken many evenings of spending real money before he could have cashed a check.

But when he tried to get into a famous New York night club arrayed in slacks, the idea was so carelessly-outrageous that surely only the eccentric son of a millionaire would perpetrate it.

Therefore, when he told everybody that he was Dave Kellogg, scion of a big Western cereal-manufacturing family, nobody questioned it.

Next evening he turned up in faultless evening dress and made love to Maxine Montgomery, 18-year-old hatcheck girl, and one of the prettiest around the place.

She accepted his whirlwind courtship at its face value, but just before he had time to whirl her to the altar, a check of his for $25.90 came bouncing back, marked "No account."

Just for that, instead of waiting at the church, David found himself behind the bars, along with a lot of other no-account persons. The wedding has been postponed for a couple of eternities.

Miss Helen K. Brown, though not of the hard-boiled night-club set, has been surrounded by genuine millionaires since she was a baby in a crib. She knows them, as the crow knows the farmer. Neither of the two previous approaches would probably have fooled her. Yet according to the sad statement made in getting an annulment of her marriage to Howard R. Grode, he completely bewildered her by surrounding himself with a sort of artistic aura.

Mr. Grode, who is 42 years old, was introduced to the 28-year-old heiress by nobility. No less a personage than the Countess Catalina de Rendon brought him to a party at her mother's home on East 86th Street, which gave everyone the impression that he was bona fide.

The mother and daughter say that in the course of dinner, their interesting new friend casually informed them that he owned a studio, that a radio station was paying him $500 a week for his popular program, and that he had two orchestras on the road, each adding $500 more a week to his wealth, and a third in rehearsal.

With royalties from his compositions, the ladies estimated that he must be making over $100,000 a year. He could be no fortune hunter in case he should propose, which he promptly did, as soon as the golden figures had had time to sink into their minds.

The mother made only one attempt at verification.

She telephoned the radio station and learned that Mr. Grode was indeed on their program, but since she did not ask, the station did not volunteer the information that it was one of those unpaid features for glory only.

So they were married at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, and "the morning after" was as bad for Helen as it had been for Gerri.

The bride says her groom confessed that all the profits he had described so impressively were mythical, but that if her mother would feed, lodge and finance him, he was sure they would all come true sometime. Helen telephoned her mother, explaining that instead of a wealthy musical impresario, she had married an unemployed pianist looking for a meal ticket.

"Come home without him," said the mother and she did.

Mr. Grode, like Gerri's husband, went to California. He made no defense to the annulment suit.

To accuse anyone in New York's cafe society of being less than 100 per cent sophisticated and blase would be considered an insult. Most members of that set pride themselves on knowing who's who financially, and on being able to give an up-to-date whispered quotation on anyone who comes in.

Phyllis A'Court Beadon knows her way around in cafe society as well as most anyone and an imposter should have had as little chance to pull the wool over her discriminating eyes, as he would of selling a "window-glass" diamond in Maiden Lane, but Mr. William O. Krueger sold himself to her as a big financier by the old-time method of giving out samples.

Her first sight of him was at a gay dinner party in a New York hotel, where he seemed to be handing around $20 tips as if they were handbills. As soon as they were introduced he politely stopped throwing away money with his hands and began throwing millions in words at her, until her mind reeled.

While the music played a swing version of "Down the Old Church Aisle," she later said he told her that he owned distilleries and breweries all over the country, referred to top-flight members of American society as his intimate friends, and wound up asking her to marry him.

Their honeymoon was delightful until they got to Cincinnati and there it suddenly ended. Federal detectives invaded the bridal suite and next morning an eastbound train carried a tearful bride home to her mother and Mr. Krueger to the Hackensack, New Jersey, jail. He was wanted, both there and in several other places, on charges ranging from perjury to obtaining money under false pretenses.

The samples were all anyone could ask, but the goods were not according to sample, in fact there weren't any goods at all.

When blonde showgirl Austra Constant, 26, asked for annulment of her marriage to Jack Curtis, 34, Tommy Manville, the asbestos playboy, spoke up in pained surprise, for she had worked for him three months as a secretary.

"Why!" said trusting Thomas, "in her application there was a question asking if she was married and she answered: 'No, I am single and I like it.'"

Austra told the Court that it took three months for Jack to fool her into matrimony, under the guise of an automobile salesman, making $100 a week. It happened in Hollywood where she was trying to woo a job from the studios.

After the ceremony a strange change came over the ardent suitor. He became cold, absent-minded and presently absent-bodied, leaving her alone and kissless on the bridal night while he made a mysterious trip to Catalina Island. The bride, with pardonable curiosity, wanted to know why.

The bridegroom explained that he was only fooling about having any job or any money either, but if she would let him have some of hers everything would be all right. Mrs. Curtis preferred spending it on a ticket to New York and a suit to get him out of her existence.

None of these girls was a simple country maiden or "fresh out of the convent," yet none of them thought to ask!

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?"

WAR TIME IS TEA TIME

PLEASE ANGEL- I'M LATE FOR TEA AS IT IS!
B. GRASSICK

—And Even a Nazi Blitzkrieg Couldn't Keep the British Army and Navy From the Peaceful Pleasures of the Cheering Cup

DAWGONIT! I SAID EYES RIGHT!
B. GRASSICK

This Cartoon by a British Artist Pays High Tribute to the Hold That Tea Has on the Anglo-Saxon Race.

The English Grinned at This Comic Picture Showing a Sailor on Watch, Having His Afternoon Tea Despite the Discomfort of a Heavy Rain and the Danger of Being Torpedoed by One of Herr Hitler's U-boats.

We had a kettle: we let it leak;
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We haven't had any tea for a week—
The bottom is out of the Universe!

WHEN the late Rudyard Kipling wrote those four lines he said a lyric mouthful for Britishers by the million, for next to the slanty-eyed Chinese the English are the tea-drinkingest nation on earth.

Come peace, come war, the sons and daughters of Albion stick to the warming rite of their afternoon tea. The steaming teapot, almost as much as the Union Jack, is the symbol of the world-girdling empire on which the sun never sets.

Right now the British Tommies on the Western Front may not be doing much to upset the henchmen of Herr Hitler holed up in the concrete and steel apartments of the Westwall. But they are tipping plenty of teacups every afternoon, to carry on an old English custom and fortify themselves against the War of Nerves and the wintry weather.

The hairy-chested gobs of "the Queen's Navee" are getting their tea, too—as one of the cartoons on this page humorously shows. All the U-boats in the mine-spattered North Sea, and all the Nazi bombers dropping dynamite in its troubled waters, couldn't discourage the seadogs of Johnnie Bull from having their blooming afternoon tea, one way or another.

The other day an item in the London papers was printed beside the usual short and unexciting report of activity on the Western Front. This squib was downright cheering to the homefolks because it informed them that many canteen cars had moved up to the far-flung bastions of the Maginot Line and that the rolling kitchens were fetching the Tommies across the Channel their favorite brews of tea at a penny a cup. It may be a long way to Tipperary from the bristling, but-not-very-busy ramparts strung along the Rhine. But at tea time the unpleasant prospect of a "blitzkrieg" is happily diluted in traditional Anglo-Saxon fashion.

It may be that the "funnies" reproduced on this page somewhat exaggerate the British fighting man's deep-seated yen for his afternoon tea, but he'd be an uneasy blighter without it, as the brass hats running England's slow-motion show in France jolly well know.

Just the other day Surgeon General de Renzy of the British Army rated three cheers and a tiger from his tin-hatted constituents when he issued a communique which said, in part, "Tea has been proved to be one of the most sustaining and invigorating drinks a soldier could have."

Professor Edward A. Parkes, one of Great Britain's leading scientists, lost no face with the military set, either, when he backed up the Surgeon General with these words, which sounded good in the ears of Tommy Atkins, not to mention the growers and sellers of tea: "Tea is potent against both heat and cold, and useful in great fatigue. It also has a purifying effect upon water."

Wartime is tea time in China, too, because that country's sizable sale of tea to the British is providing much of the wherewithal for the scrap which the ancient Land of the Yellow Dragon is having with the ambitious Empire of the Rising Sun.

"DODGE ENGINEERING
COSTS YOU NOTHING EXTRA
...Yet See How It Saves Money In Many Important Ways"

By GEO. B. ALLEN, Chief Engineer, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation

GEO. B. ALLEN, *Chief Engineer, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation*

1940 Dodge Luxury Liner 2-door Special Sedan $815, delivered in Detroit*

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"Is it any wonder that Dodge is a car that *engineers* buy? Mechanical engineers, civil engineers, electrical engineers...engineers of all types...men who *know* what makes a great car—not only praise Dodge but buy it in preference to other cars! In fact, *4,061 engineers bought Dodge in the last 12 months!*†

"We invite you to see and drive this new 1940 Dodge. We know you'll be amazed that such a big car can sell for just a few dollars more than small cars!"

†October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.

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EASY-CHAIR COMFORT with new "Airfoam" seat cushions now in all Dodge Deluxe models at no extra cost!

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NEW *FULL-FLOATING RIDE!* Wheelbase is longer, wheels are moved backward, seats forward, so that now all passengers ride in the gloriously buoyant "Comfort Zone" *between* the axles!

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS!

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4,061 Engineers Bought DODGE in the Last 12 Months†

Newest Progress in our Chemical Warfare on Germs

Dr. Galdston Discusses the New Drugs That Do Not Kill But Somehow Hold the Invading Hordes of Hostile Bacteria in Check Until Our Bodies' Natural Defenses Can Dispose of Them

Two Other Kinds of Chemical Warfare — London Mothers Carrying Babies in Gas Masks, and an Airplane Scattering Poison Dust Over an Insect-Infested Field.

In a Fashion, the New Chemical Warfare Against Germs Can Be Imaginatively Pictured as Bombs Dropped Among Them, Checking Them So That the Little White-Corpuscle Policemen Can Attend to Them — a Diagrammatic Sketch Adapted From One by Professor Lucien Rudaux on Body Defenses.

By IAGO GALDSTON, M.D.

CHEMICAL warfare was one of the startling developments in the last World War. At that time, drugs and gases of various sorts were used to maim, cripple and destroy men. Now science has developed a new type of chemical warfare not for the destruction of man but to save lives. This newer chemical warfare goes by the name of chemotherapy, the treatment of disease with laboratory-produced chemical compounds.

Older than both of these chemical methods of attack is the use of chemicals in man's perpetual warfare against his insect enemies. From the farmer who cultivates hundreds upon hundreds of acres to the amateur gardener who valiantly struggles to raise a watermelon in a two-by-four patch in the back-yard garden in the "village," each "agriculturalist" has his arsenal of sprays and blowers and his assortment of chemicals, collectively called insecticides.

How much we have gone ahead in our chemical warfare on disease may be gathered from the following conversation among medical men which was recently overheard.

"I cannot help but think of little Margaret. She was a bright youngster of 13, gay and life-loving. It was my unhappy lot to make the diagnosis that foretold her doom.

"Margaret had had measles, and following that, an infection of the middle ear which necessitated a mastoid operation. It was shortly after the operation that her parents came to dine with me, and, to my surprise, brought young Margaret with them.

"I didn't like the child's looks - - but said nothing about it. The following morning the father telephoned me and in an anxious voice reported that during the night, Margaret had complained of a headache and had vomited.

"My heart sank as I heard of these symptoms. It flashed through my mind that this might be meningitis.

"Alas, it was!

"The child died some ten days later of an inflammation of the brain membranes caused by the same germs that had been responsible for the middle ear infection. Needless to say, everything possible was done for her, but all of us knew it was hopeless from the very moment that the laboratory report confirmed the diagnosis — Streptococcus hemolyticus germs had been found in the spinal fluid.

"I tell you it was a heart-breaking experience. If all that hadn't happened ten years ago; if it had happened today, little Margaret would have had a chance."

The speaker was a middle-aged physician, whose emotion-laden story interrupted an otherwise sober discussion of the great advances that have been made in chemotherapy.

In this recitation the physician touched on what may be termed one of the most brilliant achievements of present-day chemotherapy. If wonder-working drugs such as sulphanilamide and sulphapyridine had been known in those days his story might have been quite different. Instead of a sad ending, it might have had the happy ending everyone so much prefers.

In those days the meningitis due to streptococcus germs and that due to the germs of pneumonia nearly always killed the victims. But now skilful use of the new drug helps at least 90 cases out of a hundred to be cured. According to G. M. Findlay, of 39 patients suffering hemolytic streptococci meningitis, treated with the newer chemicals only 8 per cent died. Each case was definitely diagnosed.

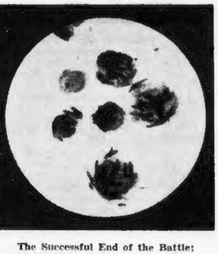
Similarly there are a series of cases on record of meningitis due to pneumococci which were successfully treated with sulfapyridine.

In reviewing these cases, Drs. McAlpine and Thomas, of London, England, said, "Before the introduction of M & B 393 (sulfapyridine) the mortality from pneumococcal meningitis was about 100 per cent. The introduction of this drug has entirely altered the outlook in this type of meningitis, just as sulfanilamide has done in meningococcal and streptococcal infections."

Thousands of persons already owe their lives to these chemical agents, and even greater numbers have been saved from serious illnesses and crippling complications.

Sulfanilamide, according to conservative clinicians, has been shown to be of positive value in infections with hemolytic streptococci affecting the meninges (membranes of the brain and spinal cord) and the peritoneum (lining membrane of the abdominal cavity).

Photomicrograph Showing Some of the Blood's White-Corpuscle "Policemen" About to Attack Invading Anthrax Germs.


The Successful End of the Battle; Most of the Disease Germs Have Been Consumed by These Little Soldiers.

This drug has proven beneficial in treating erysipelas, commonly known as St. Anthony's fire; blood poisoning, or septicemia, and child bed fever. Sulfanilamide also has helped in the treatment of infections of the urinary tract and other portions of the body with the colon bacilli; in meningitis due to the meningococcus germ; in undulant fever, and in the venereal infection called chancroid.

There are a score or more of other conditions in which sulfanilamide drugs are certainly of value, but just how much and to what extent remains as yet undetermined, not enough experience having been accumulated to warrant a positive statement.

We can gain some idea of what has happened by considering one disease—pneumonia. In the United States approximately 450,000 persons are stricken with pneumonia each year. In 1936, the deaths charged to pneumonia numbered 120,000. From these figures, it can be seen that roughly one in four stricken with pneumonia died of the disease, or as the statistician would say, the case fatality per cent was 25.

With the introduction of the sulfanilamide drugs, first sulfanilamide, later sulfapyridine, the death rate in all types of pneumonia combined has been reduced more than half, or roughly to between 8 and 10 per cent.

The sulfanilamide drugs promise us a yearly saving of 60,000 or more lives in pneumonia alone. Add to these the lives saved in puerperal infections, in erysipelas, in blood infections, in peritonitis, and the number must be well above a hundred thousand.

But as was noted above we are merely at the beginning of the most brilliant era in chemotherapy. Hardly a week passes but some new and promising application of the established, or of some new chemical agent is reported in the medical press.

Paracelsus, One of the "Most Romantic Figures in Medical History," Who Was the First to Introduce Chemicals Into Medical Usage; He Died In 1541.

The bewildering shower of new chemicals and new compounds to which we have been subjected during the last three years has caused many to believe that chemotherapy is a new science. Only its achievements are new. The science itself is over four hundred years old.

The "patron saint" of chemotherapy is Paracelsus (1493-1541), one of the most romantic figures in medical history. Paracelsus, or as he preferred to sign himself, Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, was the most original medical thinker of the 16th century. But he was also a vagabond, a coarse-spoken ruffian. A contemporary of Luther, and physician to the immortal Erasmus, Paracelsus possessed both the sharp wit of one who looks on life with the clear eye and the mystical soul of a dreamy saint.

It was Paracelsus who introduced chemicals into medical usage, teaching his contemporaries how to employ mercury, lead, sulphur, iron, arsenic and the sulphates of copper and potassium in the treatment of disease. Chemotherapy began with Paracelsus. It, however, came into its own through the great work of the German scientist, Paul Ehrlich (1854-1915).

The story is told that when Ehrlich was a medical student he chanced to read a book on chronic lead poisoning. Young Ehrlich was struck by the fact that the lead entering the body of its victim doesn't distribute itself evenly but collects in certain tissues.

There must be, Ehrlich reasoned, some affinity between the lead and the tissues wherein it gathers or else the lead would have spread throughout the body. That idea of "affinities" was a life-long obsession with Ehrlich. To it we owe all of Ehrlich's great achievements, including 606 or Salvarsan, the first modern chemotherapeutic agent used principally in the treatment of syphilis.

Ehrlich reasoned somewhat as follows: Different chemical substances must have different affinities for the tissues of the body. Now supposing he could find a chemical or a combination of chemicals that would have a great affinity for the germs inside of a person's body but no affinity for the body cells of the infected person. With such a chemical it should be possible to kill the disease-producing germs without hurting the patient.

Ehrlich literally worked day and night in the effort to find such a chemical combination. He proved the existence of unique affinities, and after 606 experiments with an arsenic-containing compound brought forth his famous Salvarsan. That was in 1910. A few years later, Ehrlich produced 914 or Neo Salvarsan.

Ehrlich worked with poisonous compounds. His plan was to start with a toxic compound (a sterilizing agent) and to so manipulate and change its chemical structure that it would prove only mildly poisonous to the patient but highly poisonous to the germs and parasites in the patient's body. He conceived his compounds as acting directly on the body of the germs just as iodine and bichloride of mercury do when applied to germs outside the body. This plan worked with certain arsenic-containing compounds. It didn't work in numerous other instances.

Ehrlich died in 1915. At the time of his death he was a sad and distressed man. The World War had begun and Ehrlich foresaw the doom of Germany. Sadder still was the realization that he could not live long enough to work out the ideas that were crammed in his brain. Before he died Ehrlich realized that a number of his earlier theories were faulty. Death, however, denied him the opportunity to correct them.

Between his death in 1915 and 1935, there was some little progress made in chemotherapy, but nothing that was very significant.

Then in 1935, Prof. Gerhard Domagk published an account of the effects of a dye derivative called Prontosil on experimental streptococcic infections in mice. The results he reported were so extraordinary and were so promptly confirmed by so many other workers that an intense interest and enthusiasm was aroused in the medical world.

The use of dyes in the treatment of bacterial infections is an "old story." All of us are acquainted with mercurochrome, and with gentian violet. As far back as 1880, a Strasbourg physician used aniline dyes in the treatment of eye infections.

Prontosil was derived from a chemical compound produced in 1911. Originally, Prontosil was patented as a dye which had the virtue of coloring wool fabrics with a greater fastness to water than any other of the available dyes.

Then, since it was the routine practice of The I. G. Farbenindustrie at Elberfeld, Germany, to test all new dye compounds for their medicinal values, Domagk in his capacity of Director of Experimental Pathology and Bacteriology, instituted a series of animal experiments. The work began in 1932. The study took three years, and was carried out principally on mice.

However, before the work was completed Fate dictated the plot of a strange drama.

Domagk's young daughter developed a very serious case of blood poisoning as a result of a needle prick. Surgery and all medical efforts to check the spread of the infection had failed. The child was desperately ill. Domagk then determined to treat her with large doses of Prontosil. The child recovered promptly and in all likelihood became the first person to owe her life to the new chemotherapy.

Following Domagk's report, many laboratories, notably in France and in England, began to work with Prontosil. Soon some startling facts were uncovered. First it was found that only a fraction of the Prontosil compound "works" in the body. That fraction is now called sulfanilamide. Then it was found that none of these sulfonamide compounds, as Prontosil and its many derivatives are called, are particularly destructive to

(Continued on Page 20)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Laughing Girl

By George F. Worts

"Get Back," Cried Sandra, Blocking the Door as the Frantic Lynne Threw Herself at Her in an Effort to Break Out of the Room.

"I'LL tell Peter something you won't laugh off," said Lynne Van Pell to glamorous Sandra Page, just married to Peter Storm, forceful young millionaire, "you're not in love with him. Does he know you're so crazy mad about my brother, Brook, that you can't think straight?"

This challenge made before Peter in his N. Y. apartment followed dramatic episodes in the search for the formula for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, worth millions for war and industrial uses. It was sought by Peter for Allied Metals Corporation, by Brook Van Pell to sell secretly to the highest foreign bidder, and by Count Beretti, on a liner en route to New York from Italy to buy it from Scott Higgins, Van Pell's agent.

Sandra, in love with Van Pell, had been sent by him to Las Vegas, Nevada, to watch Higgins whom he didn't trust. She arrived there just after an explosion had wrecked Hilary Logan's laboratory, killing Logan, who held the formula. Believing Peter had stolen it, she ransacked his room and threatened him with a pistol. Then convinced she was wrong, she offered to work with him. Fascinated and attracted by her, Peter agreed, though he had caught her in a lie and knew she'd double cross him at the first chance.

Discovering that Simon Ketzler, Logan's assistant had fled, pursued by Higgins, they gave chase, but Peter told Sandra he was dropping her as soon as he could. "I won't double cross you," she cried, but he persisted. She retaliated by refusing to help him when he was held up for speeding. The judge who faced them, calling Peter a rich playboy, decided to prefer charges against him under the Mann Act and to hold Sandra, too. She cried out it would crush her father, a minister. Denouncing Peter but dreading a blighting publicity, she joined him in persuading the judge to marry them.

Continuing their pursuit, they found Ketzler lying murdered by his car, his clothing searched and a watch missing from a chain that Peter recognized as Logan's. Then Higgins, from the shadows, shot at and slightly wounded Peter and fled. Convinced that Higgins had killed Ketzler and stolen the watch and that the watch contained the formula, they dashed after him but he eluded them by taking a train East. Peter, deserting Sandra in their hotel at Kingman, Ariz., planned to overtake him by air but the wily agent outwitted him and chartering a plane, made for New York.

Sandra, furious at Peter's desertion, also flew East, whereupon Peter notified one agent there to trail her and another to trail Van Pell with whom he now believed she was working. Then he hurried East himself. Soon after his arrival his men reported that Van Pell had met Sandra and told her he had tracked Higgins and was watching him hoping to secure the precious watch. He wanted loganite, he told her, for this country, and to help him get it, he persuaded her to spy on Peter.

Hating this role she went to her husband's apartment. It was then that Lynne, madly in love with Peter, called on him to beg him to divorce Sandra and made her startling accusations, which however, Sandra laughed at. Lynne left in a fury and Peter dined with Sandra. Then he received information he had been seeking about Higgins who, it appeared, had worked with Beretti before. And he discovered that Beretti was landing that very evening.

And Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Sandra opened her door in response to Henry's knock, he said, bowing: "Pardon me, but there's a call for you from Mr. Kenelm Colamore, the columnist. I've been hanging up on reporters all evening, on Mr. Storm's orders, but Mr. Colamore says it's personal and important."

Sandra hesitated, then said: "Oh, I'll talk to him."

"You can take it on this extension, Mrs. Storm. I'll throw the cam switch in the kitchen, so that this phone and the one in Mr. Storm's room and the one in his study—they're all on the same extension—will ring, if you wish. Or, if you don't wish to take any calls at all, I'll leave the cam off."

"Leave it on," Sandra said.

She picked up the telephone and listened. She waited until she heard the rattle and the click as Henry restored to its holder the kitchen telephone.

Then she said: "Hi, Ken."

He said in his deep, sonorous voice: "My darling girl, I hope you'll pardon this untimely intrusion, but you are being entirely too elusive."

Kenelm Colamore was a gentle, dark rascal who, in Sandra's opinion, treated the English language with greater respect in his column than any newspaper writer she knew, and who dealt with his victims with greater viciousness than any columnist alive.

"What am I to say?"

"All I want," he answered, "is the lowdown on this mystery marriage of yours."

Sandra laughed. "Is that all? Well, what's the lowdown on any marriage? Don't people still just fall in love and get married?"

His responding laughter was so cynical that her throat tightened. "Sometimes," he said. "But if a certain lovely newspaper girl falls in love with a certain Park Avenue playboy and impulsively marries him, what is a certain column-conducting sharpshooter to say about the reactions of a certain corporation lawyer?"

"You might try asking him."

"I have. He, too, is elusive."

Sandra giggled. "All right, tell me all about this new law which says that a girl can't fall out of love with one man and marry another."

"Does that cover it, Sandra?"

"Ambiguously. But not for publication."

"Your choice of words," Colamore said in his sardonic drawl, "intrigues me. Let's try another angle. When a brand new Park Avenue matron arrives in New York on her honeymoon without her honey and dashes from her plane to the arms of her ex-lambiepie."

"Look, Ken," Sandra stopped him, and her voice was jittery. "You can do me a great favor in return for one. Hold it a few days and I'll positively give you something screamingly exclusive."

"How many days?" he said suspiciously.

"I'll let you know. Is it a deal?"

"Tentatively. I've been hearing strange and fascinating rumors from the great and romantic State of Arizona."

"And you'll hear others." Sandra said quickly. "Let them pile up for a few days, and I will—it's a promise—strike the conflagration. Meanwhile, you can do me another great favor. You know I'm a straight shooter and you know I'm a girl who likes the truth."

"If you must advertise yourself to your loving friends—so what?"

"IT'S THIS. You know more truth about people in this town than anyone I ever heard of. You know where all the bodies are buried, and where all the skeletons are hanging, and you have an elephant's memory. So I want to know the truth about Peter Storm."

"Are you referring, by any chance, to the monster you married?"

"I am."

"Who," Kenelm Colamore said cautiously, "should know more about a man than the woman he marries?"

Kenelm Colamore," she answered promptly.

He said ponderously: "You really want it straight?"

"Straight."

He growled: "You're tantalizing me, Sandra It ain't fair. I thought everybody knew that Peter Storm is rich, that he went to the best schools, that he belongs to the best clubs, knows the best—and the worst—people, and was voted practically by acclaim the most eligible young bachelor in New York—until you grabbed him. You're annoying Sandra."

"So are you, Ken. I want the scandals. The inside dope."

This," said the columnist, "is probably the screwiest question I have ever been asked. Aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"

"I want to know all about the past only because of its possible bearing on the future. I want no messy surprises. A wise bride sees all, and says little."

"I still think it's a screwy question," Kenelm Colamore said, "although I grant that you're clever. Okay, my dove. Here it is. The brute you married is probably the most maligned man in New York. I have examined the inner seams of all his scandals with a powerful magnifying glass."

"First," Sandra said, "the Carol Dunbar scandal."

"All right. When Carol was tried for the murder of Max Pendleton, Pete had known the girl for some time casually around the night spots. He was very sorry for her because he thought she wasn't getting a square deal. So he hired the best lawyer available—Oscar Krugleman—to defend her. She was not his mistress. He doesn't play it that way. I've known other people he's helped. You wanted it straight, and there it is."

"Now the Grace Thorpe scandal," Sandra said.

"Okay. Pete went to Reno last week to testify for Grace Thorpe because he's known her since they were brats. The inside story is that her husband intended to bring a counter-suit with some perjured witnesses. If Ronnie Thorpe had got away with it, Grace's name would have been smeared over all the front pages. Pete plugged that maneuver, and Grace won a nice, clean-cut divorce. That's why Ronnie Thorpe insulted Pete on the courthouse steps in Reno, and that's why Pete blackened his eyes, broke his nose and knocked out four of his teeth. Are you disappointed or delighted?"

"Neither. Interested."

"The trouble with Pete, the reason he gets into these jams, is that he just doesn't give a damn. He's the kind of person that scandalmongers like me are apt to say rotten things about because he's a big attractive guy, and he's rich, and we're envious. I could tell you a dozen rich, meaty, scandalous stories about him that I tracked down. Every one has proved to be a square egg. Why go on? There are no skeletons. In simple words, you have married a very fine guy and you are a very lucky girl. And if you have the brains of a half-wit, you'll throw that torch you're carrying into the river."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS beginning to rain when Peter reached the pier into which the City of Naples, somewhat ahead of schedule, was just being warped. Floodlights blazed through fine slanting stripes of rain upon the black hull and the white faces packed along the rails.

Peter went into the shed and to the lattice which separated welcomers from the travelers who must go through customs.

He watched the gangway and presently saw Count Angelo Beretti. Count Beretti was a short, heavily-built man with gray hair and a gray military mustache. Although Peter had never met him or seen him before, he recognized him instantly from newspaper photographs.

The short, stout Italian in the brown suit was instantly surrounded by men whom Peter recognized as reporters. Count Beretti had evidently not been met by the ship news men at Quarantine, or his answers to their questions had not been satisfactory to city editors.

The Italian Count was brandishing his short arms as if he were angry or impatient. He presently broke away from the men. He walked to the lattice work, and was permitted to go out. He carried nothing but a malacca stick.

He scuttled through the rain to a taxicab and got into it. Peter, who had followed him along the sidewalk, did not hear the instructions he gave the driver. He returned to his own cab and said, "Follow that cab. Don't lose it. There's $20 in it for you."

His driver said: "Okay, buddy. Peel it off and have it ready."

The cab which Beretti had entered was perhaps two hundred feet away when Peter's cab swung out to follow it. Another cab passed his and fell in behind the one ahead. Then another cab in which a pale, thin young man who wore tortoise-rimmed glasses was riding, came charging past Peter's cab and suddenly swung into it.

Peter's driver spun his wheel. The cab seemed to skid. The front wheels struck the curb and went up on the sidewalk. The other cab, only inches away, was stopped, still rocking on its springs.

As Peter got out, the thin young man in tortoise-rimmed glasses got out also. He seemed bewildered. He apologized to Peter. The two cab drivers were exchanging the sort of remarks which New York cab drivers exchange on such occasions.

Rain began to fall more heavily. Peter glanced anxiously about him for another cab, then he looked up and saw the cab containing Count Beretti, and the second cab which had pushed in ahead of his, round a corner and turn east.

It was all, he thought, pretty obvious. Certainly, it was not accidental. He suspected that the thin, apologetic young man blinking at him behind his toroise-rimmed glasses was one of Brook Van Pell's men, and had arranged this incident with great care, and that the cab following Count Angelo Beretti contained another of Van Pell's men, or Van Pell himself.

At all events, whoever had hatched the scheme, had succeeded, and Peter had lost Count Beretti. He had, however, instructed Ben Macklin to tell Eddie Dolan that he was to trail Van Pell and to report anything of consequence immediately. Peter's remaining hope was that Van Pell might lead Eddie to Scott Higgins' hideout.

He entered his apartment the back way,

(Continued on Page 14)

The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter Will It Ever End?

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Continued From Page-3

Mother Versus Daughter—Here in Front of the Laguna Beach Home of Mrs. Shelby, Mary's Mother, Are Piled Her Belongings, as Daughter Margaret Took Possession After Winning a $20,000 Judgment in a Suit Over Securities.

When the Two Marys Were Rivals. Mary Miles Minter (Left) and Her Famous Curls Which the Movie Producers Thought Would Lure Customers to the Box Office Just as the Pickford Curls (Right) Had Always Done—And They Might Have, If Tragedy Had Not Interfered.

(Continued from Page 3)

in Louisiana when she was only five, because she was so pretty that people used to stop on the street to look at her. So Mrs. Shelby decided that something ought to be done to cash in on that prettiness and she took her to New York and put her on the stage, long before the child knew whether she wanted to be an actress or not—and she kept her on the stage and in pictures from then on

Some child actresses want to act have remarkable and evident talent from their first breath I don't think Juliette Riley—that was Mary's real name—ever wanted to be Juliette Shelby or Mary Miles Minter at all Certainly she never had any choice and certainly she never showed any talent except for being charming and lovely to look at and easy to love Certainly she never showed, as far as I could see, any characteristic of the born artist or actress.

But she was pretty enough to make millions

It was those millions that brought the curse, active and shrieking, into her confused young life

Two things happened, it seems to me looking back, almost at once. Two enormous, devastating things leading to all the scandal and terror and disgrace that were to follow

Yet they both seemed splendid things at the time

Mary Pickford left Famous-Players-Lasky, where she had been the great and shining star—where she had become the greatest of all movie stars, for never again can there be just that same set-up. Times and things have changed, talkies have come, more pictures and more competition and—perhaps we're too sophisticated now ever to give one star the adoration and love that made Mary Pickford America's sweetheart

The powers-that-be at Famous-Players-Lasky, after Miss Pickford formed her own company with United Artists, decided to put Mary Miles Minter in her place. That was about 1919

Mary Pickford was past 20—22 or 23, I think. Mary Miles Minter was in her teens The head men at F.-P.-L., of course, were pretty upset when Pickford left. She was the greatest and her pictures made the most money—and they were like lots of other head men They thought they had made Mary Pickford. So they thought they would make Mary Miles Minter as great or greater Why not, they said?

As a magazine editor and writer, I interviewed some of them, if I remember correctly Why not, they said? Mary Miles Minter's curls were just as long and just as blonde and just as curly. Maybe curlier. She was prettier than Mary Pickford and six years younger Given the same stories, the same direction and everything that they'd given Pickford—why my goodness me, in no time at all, Miss Minter would wrest the crown from Mary Pickford'

They thought, perhaps, that it was a little ungrateful of Mary Pickford to leave them and they were going to show her how easy it was to make a movie star—that she hadn't really been the thing that they had done most of it

Sure, they said to little Mary Miles Minter and her mother, Charlotte Shelby, sitting in impressive offices, over unbelievable contracts, sure, we'll make Mary Miles Minter greater than Pickford ever was. Why not?

They forgot, you see, about the difference between Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter. Forgot that spirit of joy and laughter and Irish fury in Pickford, that way she had of taking your heart and wringing tears from it, forgot her great personality—the things that made her Pickford They didn't stop to consider that Mary Miles Minter was younger and prettier and her hair was just as curly and that was all

The Late Mabel Normand, Whom Taylor Loved Before He Knew Mary Minter, Was the Last Person, Except the Murderer, to See Him Alive.

A great many other producers have tried it since and it never works

But they signed a contract with little Mary for $1,300,000 for one year—or a certain number of pictures—and more to follow. An amazing contract. Or rather, they signed it with Charlotte Shelby her mother because Mary wasn't of age At least they said she wasn't Later Mary herself said she was older actually That her mother had lied to her about her age to keep the reins in her own strong hands

Anyway, there we have it seems to me the beginning of the curse

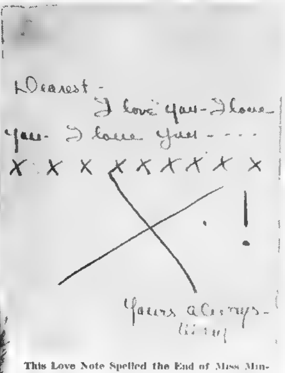
A five-year-old child is so pretty she is taken to New York by an ambitious mother and put on the stage A girl under age is suddenly thrust by producers into a spot she hasn't earned, doesn't want, can't live up to Make another Mary Pickford out of her advertise her as a younger Mary Pickford Show Pickford we can make another star just as good

What kind of a foundation is that for a career? It may be that little Minter had something to offer In time, she might have grown up to something. They didn't give her time to grow They dug her up and stuck her in a forcing hot house and said "Be another Mary Pickford right now this minute" And they turned the heat on with a few millions of dollars

If that isn't a house built upon the sands I don't know what it

For her first big starring picture, I've forgotten what it was, it never mattered much I guess, the director assigned to her was a man named William Desmond Taylor

After he was murdered, after that morning when Hollywood shrieked with horror over the headlines announcing that his body had been found on the floor of his apartment with a bullet hole in the back, a great deal was said and written about Taylor's charm, his power over women, his career as a Don Juan in Hollywood.



Dearest—

I love you—I love you—I love you—...

X X X X X X X X X

X!

Yours always—

Mary

This Love Note Spelled the End of Miss Minter's Career. It Was Found in a Book in Taylor's Home—And Revealed the Love Affair Between the Middle-Aged Director and the Young Star Who Played With Dolls.

I knew Taylor pretty well. Knew him because he was one of the leading directors at the time and it was my business to know him And knew him because he was very much in love for a long time with Mabel Normand who was one of my best and closest friends.

He always seemed to me a poised, rather cool man, and the thing I remember best about him is that his face was lean and deeply tanned and that he had a crooked smile His eyes, it seems to me, were very brightly blue—at least they were very bright, and it was a little difficult to tell whether he was smiling or only looking at you very intently

It may have been his soldier-of-fortune air that entranced the ladies. Also for Hollywood was fairly crude in those days and as I have said very young he had a worldly way with him, a sort of smiling hint that he knew a good deal more about life than most of us, had seen more, suffered and enjoyed more.

Women especially very young ones, like that

Mabel Normand who was the last person except the murderer to see him alive, was fond of him, liked his companionship, but she wasn't in love with him. That much I knew then

Murdered, But Why? William Desmond Taylor, Whom Miss Minter Still Loves as if He Were Still Alive. Because of This Love She Has Consistently Refused to Become Interested in Any Other Man.

When he and Mary Miles Minter first met about two years, I think, before his ill-fated death she was still a child and he was close to fifty.

He made her first big picture, as I said. The first thing you know, somehow, somewhere, the rumor began to drift about that Mary Miles Minter was in love with Taylor. Later, in a sensational courtroom scene, her sister Margaret testified that Mary had been in love with Jim Kirkwood when he was her leading man and had gone through a "marriage in the sight of God" with him Maybe she did.

If I were writing the story the way I see it from what I knew of the people, I would say that maybe Mary actually told Margaret that, maybe she dreamed it, maybe she was tired of never having a romance and made it up. I don't know.

But at that time nobody in Hollywood ever heard of such a thing and when the first little hints about Taylor and Mary began to [illegible] we were all knocked silly

Poor little kid She hadn't ever had any sane romances She hadn't gone dancing with young juveniles or listened to the love making of gay young scenario writers who usually tried out their love scenes on the pretty stars Night after night she'd been home with her mother and her sister and her grandmother.

Day after day she came to work at the studio, grave and quiet, hard-working, never having any fun Thinking it over from this distance, the feeling comes over me that few girls ever lived so abnormal a life as Mary Miles Minter.

It is not good for any human being never [illegible] never to have time to think [illegible] themselves always to be watched and supervised Do you remember that Victoria's first act when she became Queen of England was to have her mother's bed moved out of her room? History says that up to that time Victoria had never been alone in a room, always there had been her mother or her governess or someone Victoria became Queen of England and escaped

Actually I think Mary Miles Minter had probably never been alone in a room

How she escaped her mother long enough to fall violently in love with Taylor is still a mystery When she was being questioned in the terrible days after his murder, she said openly and wildly that her mother had been in love with Taylor, too That she wanted him for herself and so had tried to break up Mary's romance with him

The truth probably is that Taylor himself insisted on Minter being alone on the set when he worked. He was a high handed man, and a very able director He also understood women He must have seen clearly enough that his little star, if she was going to be another Pickford, needed a little freedom from the everlasting surveillance

For eighteen years since 1922—Mary Miles Minter has said that she was engaged to William Desmond Taylor. "If only he had lived long enough for us to be married," she said "We were to have been married very soon" And as late as 1937, when her sister brought the whole thing to a boil again Mary told the district attorney, "I have never married because I still love him.

And in 1937, her mother still said violently, indignantly: "I don't believe my daughter ever had an affair with Taylor If she'd had such an affair I'd have known about it for I was her business manager her mother her guardian [illegible]

Whatever it was an affair an engagement [illegible] very young girl for an older man Mary was in love She saw him every day on the set Sometimes at night she slipped out of the house and met him for a drive, or a long walk It was her first love it was her first companionship with any man and it went deep It began to eat her up to be the paramount thing in her life

So that sometimes she even defied her mother and met him openly. Not often—but a few times So that even her first romance, its ending already shadowed in tragedy, began under a dark star. Her mother disapproved violently there were scenes tears—threats—all the things that go with such a mother's disapproval

Perhaps Taylor was in love with her. It's difficult to tell. For he was seeing a great deal of Mabel Normand, he was seeking her, calling her trying to help her Everybody was always trying to help Mabel

On February 1, 1922, William Desmond Taylor's valet, coming in to awaken him for the day's work, found his body on the floor. Shot to death. In the early dawn hours Mrs. Douglas McLean, living next door, had seen a man's figure—or a figure in man's clothing—leave the house by the back door

To this day, nobody knows who fired the

Time and Tragedy, Millions and Misery Have Changed Mary Miles Minter—And This Is How She Looks Today.

(Continued on Page 16)

On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

Much Pirate Treasure Lies Hidden Still Under Florida's Sands—the Photograph Shows Human Skulls and Bones Found Near the Wreck of What Was Perhaps an Old Buccaneering Ship, Near Boca Grande on the West Coast of Florida, Near Tampa, One of Gasparilla's Haunts.

INT'L PHOTO

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the sixth of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little-known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on this subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawning hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!
All lookouts clapped
On paradise—
All souls bound just contrariwise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

[illegible]

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER VI.

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VISITING the estate of a friend in Florida recently, I was permitted to examine clues that may lead to the discovery of one of the greatest pirate treasures ever concealed.

Near the charming old house in its windbreak of moss oaks is an ancient gray stone on which are cut certain directions. If those directions are followed and a certain swamp drained, the world will learn much more of the man whose initials, deeply carved, were J. G.

Captain Jose Gaspar, alias Richard Coeur de Lion, alias Gasparilla, was king of a tremendous pirate haunt on the West Coast of Florida.

In 1782 Gaspar was an officer of great honor and high rank in the Spanish Navy. To him was entrusted the difficult mission of convoying treasure ships from the wealthy Spanish colonies in the Caribbean to the ports of his homeland. But Gaspar was a ladies' man. On a voyage from Cartagena to Cadiz he took into his cabin, for safety, a large package of jewels. When the ships were docked and the cargo handed over the jewels were not discovered. That is, they were not discovered on shipboard. They were admired and noticed on the ivory neck of Captain Gaspar's latest inamorata.

It was unfortunate that those jewels were intended for the Crown, so steps were taken to discover the thief. One night the crew of a tartane were surprised to find ten very determined men clambering over their bulwarks behind a slim, short man with a sword and an evil expression. Two were dead before they realized that their visitors were taking over their fast little vessel. The rest tumbled ashore and by morning the tartane under a great lateen sail was heeling to the Atlantic swell far away from Spain and the garrote.

Gaspar soon attracted notice. He knew the Caribbean and his gang of ladrones swiftly exchanged their tartane for a larger ship. Members of its crew, offered the chance between joining the pirates and being most painfully slaughtered, joined, and in a very few months the Gaspar gang was a force to be reckoned with.

His own men called him (at his suggestion) Richard Coeur de Lion, and he certainly earned it. The little man was brave as any lion. He led every boarding party, fighting like a demon at the head of his men. He always picked out the biggest adversaries. He said it amused him to reduce them to his own height (by a head). So he became known along the coast as Gasparilla, a desperate mosquito of a man whose long rapier was his fatal sting. He never asked his men to do anything he dared not do himself.

For several years he ravaged the shipping in the Caribbean treating Spanish prizes with unusual ferocity. Spain had driven him out. Well then, he'd show Spain that she meant nothing to him; less than nothing, and to prove it he slew every Spaniard he captured and kidnaped every Spanish woman he found.

But he was acquiring a number of ships and a great number of men, all anxious to fight and grow rich under the bloody banner of Gasparilla. Por Dios! He was a king. Well then, he'd find a kingdom.

For some months he had been carrying on a virtual blockade of the Florida (then under Spanish control) West Coast. He decided that its innumerable cays and creeks made excellent hiding-places for his low, swift craft, and excellent spots for the concealing of his plunder.

There was one ideal spot: Charlotte Harbor, sheltered from the westerly winds and spying lookouts by oak-covered islands. He took over the largest, drove its fishermen away or killed them, and named it Gasparilla Island. Swiftly he built a fort and within its coral walls a fine house for himself. His followers were encouraged to throw up straw shelters for themselves and their women. The elegant figure of the chief strolled frequently about his domain. His eyes dark and melancholy, flashed with ungovernable temper at the slightest insult, but his manners were polished as his sword. His clothing was the latest in fashion and immaculately pressed. But in spite of his foppish appearance he ruled his men with despotic firmness. They knew his reputation and feared him, and obeyed his orders faithfully.

He caused to be circulated among them the following sailing articles:

"1. Every man shall obey civil commands; the Captain shall have one share and a half in all Prizes; the Master, carpenter, boatswain and gunner shall have one share and a quarter.

2. If any man shall offer to run away, or keep any secret from the Company, he shall be maroon'd with one bottle of powder, one bottle of water, one small arm and shot.

3. If any man shall steal anything in the Company to the value of a piece of eight he shall be maroon'd or shot.

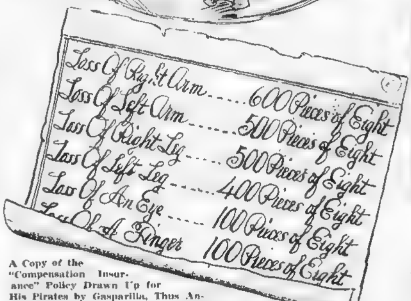
4. If at any time we should meet another pirate and a man shall sign his articles without the consent of our Company he shall suffer such punishment as the Captain and the crew shall think fit.

5. That man that shall strike another while these articles are in force shall receive Moses Law (forty stripes, lacking one, on the bare back.)

6. That man that shall snap his arms or smoke tobacco in the hold without a cap to his pipe, or carry a candle lighted without a lanthorn, shall receive the same punishment as in the former article.

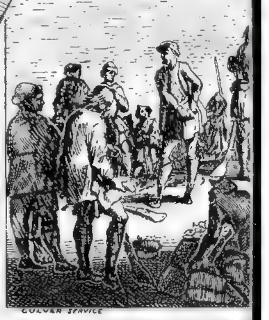
7. That man that shall not keep his arms clean and fit for an engagement, or neglect his business, shall be cut off from his share and suffer such other punishment as the Company and Captain shall think fit.

8. If at any time with a prudent woman, that man who shall offer to meddle with her without her consent shall suffer present death."



Loss Of Right Arm....	600 Pieces of Eight
Loss Of Left Arm....	500 Pieces of Eight
Loss Of Right Leg....	500 Pieces of Eight
Loss Of Left Leg....	400 Pieces of Eight
Loss Of An Eye....	100 Pieces of Eight
Loss Of A Finger	100 Pieces of Eight

A Copy of the "Compensation Insurance" Policy Drawn Up for His Pirates by Gasparilla, Thus Antedating by Almost Two Centuries the Benevolence of the Present-day Workmen's Compensation Act.


CULVER SERVICE

An Old Print Showing Pay Day of G
as Any Pay Day at a Bank; Gasparil
Business Men H

There was a table of compensation fo
wounds received in battle:

Loss of right arm...	600 Pieces of eight
Loss of left arm.....	500 Pieces of eight
Loss of right leg.....	500 Pieces of eight
Loss of left leg.......	400 Pieces of eight
Loss of an eye......	100 Pieces of eight
Loss of a finger.....	100 Pieces of eight

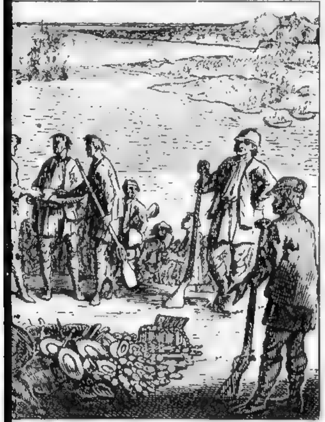
Gasparilla's tropical kingdom was administere
much as that of Lafitte some years later, excep
that he kept most of his booty in the great fort,
paying his men regularly from the store.

His house on Gasparilla was a marvel of luxury, furnished with the best out of his prizes, hung with priceless plundered draperies. His plate woul have graced, and probably had, the finest palaces in Spain. He made a Negro hunchback his valet, teaching him patiently the intricacies of a gentleman's wardrobe and toilet. His pirates watched him with admiring awe as he took the air of a Sunday morning, dressed in varnished black shoes with gold buckles; stockings of sheerest pink silk; breeches of black satin bound tightly to his knees to set off legs of which he was inordinately proud. He affected flowered waistcoats of foulard, brocade or damask, buttoned with diamond studs. And long, plum velvet coats, stiff with bullion, showed

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood — Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

"Marooned"—It Touched the Pirate Gasparilla's Sense of Humor to Leave Rebellious Members of His Crew on a Barren Cay, Where There Was Neither Water Nor Food and Let Them Starve to Death. (Painting by Howard Pyle.)

Gasparilla Was Small and Slight and Wore High-Heeled Shoes to Pull Him Up. He Had Only His Toledo Rapier to Defend Himself With When the Half-Drunken Giant Challenged Him for the Girl He Had Picked Out; His Rebellious Sailor Had a Strong Cutlass, But Gasparilla Killed Him Contemptuously, After Tormenting Him With Many Wounds.



parilla and His Crew, as Orderly a Proceeding was at Heart a Business Man, Just as Many e Been at Heart Pirates.

outside their heavy cuffs, a froth of whitest Mechlin lace. And woe betide the washwoman, usually a prisoner, who permitted the slightest blemish to their whiteness. A three-cornered hat of best beaver, its jaunty plume held by a jeweled clasp swept off as he passed his lady prisoners. And his long Toledo rapier damascened and sheathed in a soft Morocco scabbard cocked up the skirt of his coat. His dainty manner however concealed a tigerish ferocity, as more than one newcomer to the colony discovered.

He had a boardwalk built from the fort to a shelter down the beach so that he might walk without getting sand in his shoes. It was unwritten law that no man sullied that walk but Gasparilla.

One Sunday morning he was strolling with one of his prisoners, a smiling, saucy-eyed wench from a Dutch packet he had recently destroyed. She seemed quite reconciled to her fate and hung on his arm, laughing merrily at his sallies.

Suddenly, ahead of them the pirate chief saw a massive, red-eyed foremast hand, tattered shirt open to reveal a hairy, tattooed chest, canvas half-trousers revealing great scratched legs and massive pewter-buckled shoes. He wore a red and yellow headkerchief and he spat on the boardwalk as he swaggered towards them. Gasparilla frowned a little and walked on. He looked up suddenly to see the immense, tousle-headed brute, arms akimbo, straddling the walk and grinning down at him.

Now if there was one thing Gasparilla could not stand it was reference to his lack of inches. He could feel the girl admiring the tall proud head and broad shoulders of the pirate.

"One side, my man," said Gasparilla haughtily and made as if to walk on.

"One side is it?" snorted the pirate. "Let me tell ye, little bantam, a Belfast man gives ground to none!"

The Spaniard lifted a quizzing glass and looked the mighty Irishman over.

"Aye, ye may look an' spy wid yer pearl-hafted spyglass. Now, step off the road and let a Gintleman of th' Account pass the time o' day to a lady." The Irishman brushed him to one side and took the girl's arm. "Well, me pretty. How d'ye like the looks of a full-sized man—" he began.

But he jumped back as a clawing, spitting fury assailed him.

"Hijo de perro! Porco Irlandese!" Gasparilla, hat gone, quizzing glass flying, kicked with his polished shoes at the man's bare shins, almost sobbing with rage.

Contemptuously the Irishman aimed a terrible blow with his great red fist. Gasparilla ducked nimbly. Then stepped back, picked up his hat and bowed formally.

"Perhaps you are not aware, senor, of your company."

"Ah! Away wid ye, Gasparilly, or I'll lay yer head over in the sand beyont."

"Senora," panted the chief. "Per favore! Will you withdraw until I teach this foredeck scum a lesson in manners?"

"Scum is it? Manners is it? And what manners can a beribboned, bescented little Macaroni teach an Ulsterman?"

"For the love of the Saints, senor, go to your quarters and make your peace with God, for I shall kill you most painfully this afternoon."

"A fight d'ye want?" bawled the Irishman, yanking out a brass hilted hanger. "Come on, me boyo! Here's the place wi' plenty o' foot room, an' here's the time, an' there's the girl who'll go wi' the winner. Here I am on this board path and here I stay."

"Until I prick you off, pig," spat Gasparilla.

He skimmed off his hat and removed his elegant coat which he folded and handed to the girl with a bow. Stamping to test the footing he drew his long, slim rapier and made it sing as he executed a salle d'armes salute.

"I could kill you with this." He drew a silver mounted pocket pistol from his belt and dropped it in the sand. "But I'll first make you afraid, then I'll blind you and then I shall kill you."

By this time men were trotting over the sand from their shelters under the palms.

"One side, gal," mumbled an old New Englander. "Here's a fight."

"She stays," snapped the chief

By now the Irishman was looking doubtfully at him. He was more than half drunk and the quiet venomous calm of the slim elegant was undermining his scorn.

"Come on, me bantam," he growled, and taking a grip of his cutlass struck a clumsy, broadsword stance.

A pirate stepped forward.

"Won't ye take a hanger, cap'n?"

"No, I'll carve him with this," said Gasparilla, his nostrils white crescents against the brown of his face

With a yell the Irishman jumped forward and brought down his cutlass with an over arm chop that would have slit the Spaniard to the waist had he been under it. But he wasn't. He slid backwards like a coiling snake, right toe pointed towards his foe, left foot back and at right angles to the right His long blade flickered, he slipped in, thrust and slipped back again. The Irishman's shirt ripped and blood trickled down his sword arm

"Ah, the gnat stings!" he panted, and slashed again.

Again Gasparilla avoided the heavy, curved blade, again he lunged and the end of his sword was wet and red. The scabbard dangled limp behind him. His right arm bent, with a wrist like steel, waved like the head of a cobra, and his sword seemed to be a continuation of that whiplike limb. His left hand, back and above his head, drooped like a delicate flower from foaming laces of his sleeve, but the thumb and second finger snapped incessantly as he advanced and retreated under the murderously slashing weapon of his enemy.

"Will ye stand still?" grunted the Ulsterman, sweating profusely as he cut and jumped heavily back to avoid the darting point. By now blood dripped from five or six small wounds and he moved more cautiously. The muscles of his sword arm were corded and tense, but he dared not relax, for the whipping, darting point of his foe circled his blade, sliding over it to pink his shoulder, under it to scrape his ribs. He realized now that the chief was playing with him, could kill him whenever he felt like it, and fear blazed in his straining eyes

The pirates looking on said nothing. Their faces swung from one the other, noting each point, and the girl, pretty mouth open, gasped with horror every time that evil blade ripped the Irishman's hide.

"Will ye stop that damned flicking?" he spat, eyes darting to Gasparilla's fingers, busy above his head The delicate click-click distracted him Suddenly he grunted deeply, slashing madly at the hand

"I'll have it off ye!" he gritted

But that was what Gasparilla was waiting for He slipped below the whizzing cutlass and his sword darted upwards like a flash. The Ulsterman screamed and blood gushed down his face

"Ye devil, ye've blinded me," he sobbed and pressed forward, cutting, slashing, swinging like a grass cutter. But Gasparilla retreated, smooth as a will-o'-the-wisp, parrying, although he knew a touch of the heavy cutlass would shiver his light rapier and finish him. The Irishman glared like a bull at his maddening enemy. The sun was pouring on his unprotected head, the loss of blood, the agony of his badly wounded sword arm and the frightful pain of his blinded eye weakened him More and more often the cutlass point dropped towards the blood-spattered boardwalk, and every time the rapier lunged and the cutlass jerked upwards, too late

By now the big man was a smear of blood, his single eye blue and frightened in his drawn face His mouth was open, yellow teeth clenched as he fought grimly to annihilate that mincing, immaculate figure that danced before him like a damned mosquito. Suddenly he lunged again. There was a flash of frightful torture, a searing tear and he staggered, feet apart, the cutlass dropping, blind

He could hear a moan of awe from the pirates, hear the sibilant breathing of the Spaniard and the pitiful sob of the girl. He could feel his strength ebbing and blood running into his mouth

"So ye've done it," he said quietly. "I'm dark. Aye, I'm the dark one. An' all for a drop of drink taken of a Sunday morning. Well, little Macaroni, ye'd better finish me or I'll finish you, Heaven help me."

Slowly he moved forward and slashed backhanded across the front of him. There was a gasp from the crowd and he knew that he had narrowly missed his man. Then he felt a little prick on his chest. He slashed again, and again there was a painful stab below his heart.

"Have you learned manners, pig?" came a cold voice.

"Ah! Put 'en out of's misery," growled someone

"Manners? Ta blind a man, the easier to kill him?" sneered the Irishman. "Ye'll never teach me manners, little bravo."

"So!"

Again he felt torment as the point of that invisible sword ripped his stomach

"Cutting 'im to ribbons," muttered a man in the crowd

The Irishman felt his strength going His eye sockets were pits of agony His brain one wracking throb and his skin felt as if it had been torn by red hot pincers. He reeled and felt one foot sink in the sand. Carefully he felt for the boardwalk and pointed his cutlass. He felt the rapier touch it and lunged. There was a teeth jarring scrape and Gasparilla's point tore his forehead. With a wild swipe he knocked the sword upwards, parried vi-

(Continued on Page 15)

T P HEALY COLLECTION

Early 19th Century Steel Plate Showing a Pirate in Chase of Its Victim and Labeled "The Stern Chase."

SELECTED FICTION

Laughing Girl

(Continued from Page 10)

to avoid reporters. He went into the kitchen and threw the main switch on, [illegible]

[illegible]

Peter waited until they were clear of the doorway then slipped in and ran up the stairs. At the third floor landing he stopped. There were two doors facing each other. He tried one. It was locked. He tried the other and peered in from the hall upon a softly lighted [illegible] that she [illegible]

Several tables and chairs [illegible]

SCOTT HIGGINS [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] Peter had seen on the stretcher had been [illegible] seriously if not fatally hurt [illegible] had entered this [illegible] the platinum watch containing the loganite for [illegible] this dangerous [illegible]

For the first time since he had gone to the Three Tree Ranch to test his theory that Dr. Logan's laboratory might have been [illegible] and to ascertain if the [illegible] formula was still [illegible] Peter admitted [illegible] there had been [illegible]. If he could have [illegible] Van Pell was [illegible] he might have had it with him. He might still have got the formula. There was no [illegible]

He had entered the room. With the door opened he was standing on the threshold when he heard heavy footfalls on the stairs. He turned and looked. Two men in police uniform were coming up the stairs. One of them was a tall heavily-built red-faced man who wore a sergeant's chevrons. His face was familiar to Peter although Peter [illegible] his name.

The sergeant smiled and said [illegible] "Well! Hello there Mr. Storm."

[illegible] readily Peter realized [illegible] lead to serious complications. He said "Hello sergeant. There seems to be a dead man in here."

THE sergeant said quickly: "A friend of yours?"

"No. I was passing this place a few minutes ago. And an ambulance stood at the curb. They were carrying a man out on a stretcher. I thought I recognized him as Count Angelo Beretti. The interne didn't know anything about it. I [illegible] so I came up here [illegible] around. This door was partly opened so."

"How long have you been in here Mr. Storm?"

"I should say less than a minute. Perhaps only a half minute."

The policeman said "[illegible] all we got was an ambulance follow-up."

The sergeant said "Do you know who this man is Mr. Storm?"

Peter hesitated. He didn't believe that the police would link [illegible] with the [illegible] who had [illegible] so mysteriously from the Three Tree Ranch [illegible]. "No," he said.

The sergeant said "Well I hope [illegible] anything."

"Only [illegible] standing here."

"You didn't go into the room at all?"

"No."

"Whoever did that," the policeman said, "must have been a pretty fair shot."

"I've got to run along," Peter said.

The sergeant had gone into the room. He went to the desk and picked up the telephone. He said "Okay Mr. Storm. It looks like this guy and Count Beretti didn't like each other much."

Peter went downstairs. He crossed the street and found Eddie Dolan in a doorway under an umbrella. He was smoking a pipe.

Peter said: "The man I've been trying to catch up with was just killed up there. Shot twice in the head. Did you hear shots?"

"No, sir. All I heard was a woman screaming. She screamed about three times."

"How long after Van Pell had gone up there?"

"I should say about five minutes. Either Van Pell came out while I was phoning you near the corner or he ducked out a back way. I only saw him go in. Did you run into those cops up there?" "Yes."

Eddie's dark eyes were alarmed. "How did you get away so fast?"

"I know the sergeant. I told him I was passing by, recognized the man they were putting into the ambulance and went up to investigate."

Eddie said with concern: "Isn't this apt to catch up with you Mr. Storm?"

"It may."

"But I was here. I saw—"

"You saw Van Pell go up. And [illegible] go up. Did you see anyone else?"

"[illegible] What'll I [illegible]?"

"[illegible] and go to bed," Peter [illegible] "You might call Ben Mack[illegible]. Tell him to stay in bed. Tell him it's all over."

PETER decided to walk home. The rain had diminished to a drizzle. He felt disgusted. He had failed [illegible] through any fault of his own but because Brook Van Pell had proved himself to be the cleverer man because he was much better qualified for this sort of thing than Peter was. It [illegible] job for Atlas Metals.

[illegible]

His [illegible] back and forth [illegible] he had done and what [illegible] had tried to do. He returned each time to Sandra. If he had had nothing to do with her if he had not taken her out to Dr. Logan's ranch with him this [illegible] have happened [illegible] had in so all but important ways betrayed him.

If she had not deliberately delayed him by being impudent to the motorcop who stopped them in Salt[illegible] Peter might have overtaken Scott Higgins in the desert. Or if he had not permitted her to make that telephone call in the Kingman Hotel Scott Higgins might have been on the train when it reached La Junta, Colorado.

He thought bitterly: "I suppose it doesn't matter. Maybe if she hadn't been so fresh to that cop [illegible] gotten away and gone [illegible] have had to shoot it out with Higgins [illegible]"

His thoughts continued to rotate about Sandra. Naturally she was in love with Brook Van Pell. There was a man who got what he went after.

The drizzle was [illegible] on Peter's face. His face was so hot that the fine drops of moisture [illegible] should sizzle.

"There's only one thing to do at a [illegible] and that's to get roaring [illegible] roaring."

He wondered what he would say to Sandra. Would he mention that the man she was in love with had [illegible] Scott Higgins? He decided that the answer to that one was definitely no. He couldn't prove it. And she wouldn't believe him.

[illegible] the F. B. I. [illegible] Van Pell.

[illegible] the advisability [illegible]ghing

(Continued on Page 16)

Yes! EVERY SINGLE NIGHT WE QUINS HAVE A PALMOLIVE BATH!

OFTEN I AM ASKED WHY I CHOSE PALMOLIVE FOR THE USE OF THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS. THE QUINS WERE BORN PREMATURELY AND BECAUSE OF THAT HAD UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SKIN... SO TENDER THAT FOR MONTHS THEY WERE BATHED WITH OLIVE OIL. SO WHEN WE BEGAN USING SOAP WE CHOSE ONE WE BELIEVED TO BE PURE AND MILD—PALMOLIVE SINCE THEN PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP THE QUINS HAVE USED

Allan Roy Dafoe

Made with Olive and Palm Oils

SO GOOD THEY ALL WANT IT even in preference to higher priced cars!

JIM, DEAR, WOULD YOU TRADE CARS TODAY? I'M GOING TO LAKE FOREST AND I'D RATHER DRIVE THE PONTIAC
SUSIE, DARLING, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A PONTIAC!
I HAVEN'T --- THIS IS JIM'S. HE GROWLS, BUT I TRADE WITH HIM BECAUSE THE PONTIAC RIDES BETTER AND IT'S PLEASANTER TO DRIVE
NEXT DAY
I SAW YOUR MISSUS DRIVING A PONTIAC YESTERDAY. DID YOU GET HER ONE TOO?
NO, SHE BORROWED THIS ONE AGAIN. SHE'S QUITE A PENNY-PINCHER AND I'VE BEEN TELLING HER ABOUT GETTING 18 TO 24 MILES A GALLON
-THAT NIGHT--
HOW'S FOR BORROWING YOUR CAR TONIGHT, DAD? I WANT TO SHOW UP AT THE DANCE IN A SMOOTH NEW PONTIAC.
CAN YOU IMAGINE? THEY ALL WANT TO DRIVE THE LOWEST-PRICED CAR WE OWN. THAT SETTLES IT-- THIS FAMILY IS 100% PONTIAC FROM NOW ON!

ONLY $783*
AND IT HEADS THE STYLE PARADE
*and up *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white side-wall tires, accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE
PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

IT MAY SOUND exaggerated to say that *whole families* fall hard for the 1940 Pontiac, *but* talk to any one of your friends who has one!

There's a promise of *great* motoring in the smooth, sleek lines of this smart new car. And that promise is fulfilled in the wide-seated luxury of its "Triple Cushioned" ride and the power-packed performance of its smooth, quiet, economical Pontiac engine. And don't forget, the 1940 Pontiac is *priced just above the lowest!*

Pontiac

*Illustrating the Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan $876**

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

WHEN THE OLD PIRATES TERRORIZED THE SEVEN SEAS

(Continued from Double Page)

ciously and jumped forward. He knew there would be a riposte designed to pierce him sightly. But he pressed on and felt a burning rod enter his chest. Sobbing gratefully he hunched over it; his knees buckled and he dropped on the blood-soaked boardwalk his empty eyes dripping through the planks into the white sand.

"I'm—still on the walk, little man," he whispered and did not feel the kick that Gasparilla aimed at his dead face.

From then on Gasparilla seemed more ferocious than ever. A big man never dared look him in the eye for fear of a bullet in his head. He refused to take male prisoners and his house inside the fort became a harem [illegible] who when they ceased to interest him became [illegible]

Hunting every harbor on the West coast of Florida, harrying [illegible] ships of [illegible] the streets of the town [illegible] Gasparilla [illegible] the scourge of the [illegible] convoys [illegible] they put to sea and the landsmen were forced to buy his [illegible]

His ship flew the red flag that meant "No Quarter" when they engaged a merchantman. Warships [illegible] a fortune for every [illegible] of the thousand men in his gang.

But the United States was waking up to the menace against her Gulf shipping. The war with England was over and Florida was being rapidly settled by Americans. More [illegible] bor to report merchantmen taken and crews hanged. Then one night Gasparilla was aroused by gunfire and round shots thudded into the coral walls of his fort. Hastily he put to sea but when dawn came he saw six American ships off the island [illegible] sought cover in the secret bayous. All that day the ships pounded his fort and at night they withdrew. But the battling was enough. He called his captains and bade them marshal their crews.

"Open the [illegible]," he ordered. "We'll divide and separate."

It was nearly a month before the treasure [illegible] was [illegible] among the men. There had been over thirty million dollars worth of plunder on Gasparilla Island. But one by one the dark ships stole out with their holds stuffed until the chief was left with his own crew and one ship.

He looked about him at the few women prisoners and some hangers-on who lived in straw huts on the foreshore. He dressed carefully and walked slowly to his ship. His eye was not quite so fiery, there was more deliberation in his speech now; he was past sixty-five. He went aboard [illegible] his black-hulled frigate was standing down the coast. Gasparilla was in his cabin drinking brandy and staring morosely before him. There came a knock.

"Sail dead ahead, captain!" reported his sailing master.

"Good!" Something of the old fire came into his face. "We'll leave one last mark on this coast, something they'll remember as long as Florida is above water."

He ran on deck. Ahead the topmasts of a trim vessel were looming out of the offshore [illegible].

"Looks like an English merchantman."

"Good," he set his teeth. "Run up English colors and we'll [illegible] close in."

"Si, señor."

They came on until they could see the white water at the stranger's forefoot.

"Bigger than I thought," mumbled the mate.

"The more plunder!" snapped the chief. "Shot all guns and [illegible] with grenades and [illegible]. We'll [illegible] her masts, lash the rudder and board her over the bows."

"Si, señor."

The silent ship came nearer.

Strange: her decks are empty.

Gasparilla snatched a glass [illegible] his arms. There [illegible] for forty guns but [illegible] closed.

[illegible] apart and [illegible]

"What's that flag they're [illegible] out?" screamed the [illegible] suddenly.

"Por Dios! It's the Stars and [illegible]" [illegible] Gasparilla.

[illegible] his men could [illegible] a tremendous [illegible] of sound and flame [illegible] from the American ship [illegible] masts and top-hamper [illegible] the pirate's deck, [illegible] many and stretching [illegible] broken men screaming [illegible] the scuppers.

"Cut away that riffle!" shouted the chief. "Wear her 'round. Let 'em have the port broadside!"

But the American ship was turning and a long gun barked from her bows. A ball smashed through the pirate's stern windows. Gasparilla gripped the rail and cursing desperately fired his pistols at the oncoming ship.

[illegible] through the open ports [illegible] plunged towards them with unbelievable speed.

"Devil [illegible]!" shrieked Gasparilla. "They're going to ram!"

With an appalling crash the American bowsprit snapped off short as her cat-heads smashed against the pirate's beam. Sailors swarmed over her like ants, cheering and chopping savagely with their hangers. Gasparilla saw a young officer [illegible] with the flat of his dress sword as he struggled towards the poop.

"Gasparilla!" he shouted. "Surrender!"

"Surrender!" Gasparilla [illegible]

Suddenly the pirate knew this was the end. Swiftly he ran to the whipstaff governing the tiller. There was a length of chain for [illegible]. He lifted it, staring about him. His men were ganging about the forecastle, hands above their heads calling for quarter. Gasparilla stood up and with difficulty arranged the heavy chain loop after loop about his waist.

"Where's Gasparilla?" roared an officer.

The pirate [illegible]

"[illegible] dog [illegible]"

[illegible] overboard [illegible] Perhaps it [illegible] there the [illegible] is still [illegible]. However my [illegible] is nothing [illegible] the grave stone and soon you may read in The American Weekly the story of the discovery of Gasparilla's treasure.

Next week I will describe the awful retribution that befell Port Royal, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Spanish Main where Mary Carleton, "The German Princess," presided over the pirates' wicked revels; and I will tell some little-known facts about Francois Lolonois, the cruelest freebooter of them all.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Tales From Arthur's Court

(Continued from Front Page)

silver table they usually rested it on, they met a crooked old man and Galahad asked him to help with the silver table since it was heavy.

"Bless me!" said the old man. "For ten years now these crutches have been all I could handle. Besides, you have with you two able knights."

"Never mind that," said Galahad. "Do your best and show your good will."

Then the old man put his hand to the table, and immediately was as sound as ever he'd been.

When the procession moved into the city, Galahad, lifting one side of the table and the cured cripple managing the other, the news of the miracle spread, and the common folk were happier than they had long been, saying to each other that now the good old times might return. But when King Estorause heard of it he asked Galahad and his companions where they came from and what they had brought on the silver table. When he learned it was the Sangreal he put them in jail, he being a dictator with his own religion.

You might suppose that Galahad would have asked to die then, but it wasn't danger he ever turned his back on. He and his companions languished in their cell till King Estorause fell mortally sick and sent for them, and they put him in the way of grace, yet they were careful to perform no miracles, therefore he died.

Then the people of the city by unanimous vote elected Galahad King. None knew better than he that holding office is bad for the soul, so he declined. But they insisted, and because he hoped with the aid of the Sangreal to do much good, at last he said he'd try.

But at the end of a year, though he was still himself, the ordeal had been heavy, and he had seen what becomes of men who go into politics, those who are not saints like Galahad.

Then he took farewell of Percivale and of Bors, and he asked Bors to bear a message to Sir Launcelot his father, and the message was that Launcelot should reflect how unstable is this world, and though he meant Guinevere, he didn't name her, being a gentleman. Then he knelt down at the table and prayed, reminding heaven of its promise, and the angels came for him.

Next week, Mr. Erskine will relate the tale of Sir Launcelot who, while asleep, was enchanted by Four Queens.

WHO SIR GALAHAD WAS, AND WHAT THE QUEST FOR THE SANGREAL WAS

SIR GALAHAD was the son of Sir Launcelot and Elaine the daughter of King Pelles, a cousin of Joseph of Aramathie. As a youth, Galahad was brought up by an aged hermit and had no contact with worldly things. His guardian brought him to King Arthur's court to become a Knight of the Round Table. At this table was a vacant seat called the "Siege Perilous," destined for the knight who would seek the Holy Grail, or the Sangreal.

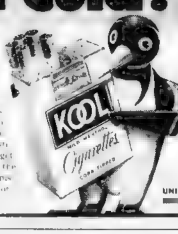
The Holy Grail signified, in the medieval legend, the chalice used by the Saviour at the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Aramathie received the Saviour's blood—the Sangreal—at the Cross. Joseph was supposed to have brought the Grail with him to England and the knights resolved to go in search of it.

Galahad took his seat in the "Siege Perilous" and as the knights vowed to seek the Grail the hermit Naciens warned them that only one who was clean of sin could find it.

One by one the other knights dropped out until only Galahad was left. He had received a vision of the Grail and then the Grail itself at Carbonek Castle. He became King of Sarras, as Mr. Erskine relates, and finally died. The Grail was borne to heaven by angels and, says the legend, was never seen again.

There are many variations of the tale of the quest for the Grail. Perhaps the most famous is the legend concerning Perceval, immortalized by Richard Wagner in his religious pageant and music-drama, "Parsifal." Tennyson used the theme in the "Idylls of the King" and now Mr. Erskine tells the story in his own delightful way.

Got a Cold?



When your taste for cigarettes goes dead, don't swear off smokes—just *change* off to KOOLS and your smoking pleasure will bounce right back to normal! That mild menthol in 'em feels soothing and refreshing to mouth and throat. Remember—when your head is stuffed up and other smokes lose all taste, KOOLS taste swell! Try a pack today! (You get golden coupons, too—good in the U. S. A.—for handsome premiums. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

ARE YOUR CAKES FLUFFIER?

DO YOU have some special way of baking a particular kind of cake that makes it tastier and [illegible]?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's [illegible]," the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page. It may lead to the easiest $5 you ever earned.

Before the Premiere—Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, entertains at "Tryggveson," the spacious family mansion on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road.

Miss Calhoun smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

In A Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: *Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?*

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for [illegible] easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?*

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why. Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream [illegible] different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy [illegible] takes make-up smoothly—keeps it [illegible]"

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 15O-CVE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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(Continued from Page 11)

LAUGHING GIRL

its possible repercussions, when he reached his apartment To avoid reporters, Peter went up in the service elevator. Henry let him into the apartment

The Negro said: "Mr. Van Pell just phoned, Mr. Storm. He said it was very important. He'll phone again, he said, in a few minutes"

"Did he talk to Mrs. Storm?"

"Yes, sir"

"What did he say to her?"

"I don't know, sir"

Peter looked steadily at Henry's veined dark eyes He said "Henry, this is no time for ethics It's a matter of life and death to me to know what he said to her"

Henry said unhappily: "Mr Storm, I'm sorry, but I didn't listen"

PETER poured himself a drink of Scotch and drank it neat "Has Mrs Storm been out of her room?"

"Yes, sir She came out awhile after you went out, and she sort of looked around She asked me where you were and I told her I didn't know. After she talked to Mr. Van Pell, she asked me when you had gone out, and I said I wasn't sure of the time She seemed very upset. She's been in her room with the door closed since."

"Peter said: "When Mr. Van Pell calls, I'll take it in my study."

He went into his study and closed the door. When the phone rang, he picked up the instrument and said hello.

The deep, resonant voice of Brook Van Pell said: "Peter? This is Brook Van Pell If you [illegible]

[illegible] Lynne's She said gayly. "My darling little pumpkin face, how would you like to swap a pretty platinum watch with the initials H L engraved on the back of it for a divorce from that wench?"

Thinking of Brook Van Pell's mysterious request, Peter said amiably. "I'm fascinated, Lynne."

"All right Come on up and we'll talk about it. You see, darling, I'm not nearly so dumb as I seem."

She laughed, and he was sure she was at least tight. "Well, I'm not dumb Also I came well equipped with eyes and ears. What I mean, darling, is that I know all about Hilary Logan and loganite and everything else"

Peter felt as though he had been holding his breath for hours Lynne laughed again and said [illegible]

"IT WAS [illegible]

[illegible] approach to [illegible] watched by scads of men, and he tracked him to his apartment that way Do you know where Brook made his mistake?"

"Where?" Peter said weakly

"He was too foxy. And he gave Higgins too much rope When Higgins went for that horseback ride, Brook should have waited in that apartment until he got back. But he didn't He waited until a few minutes before Count Beretti was supposed to come there, then went. By that time, someone else had the pretty platinum watch"

"Who?" Peter asked.

"Who do you suppose, darling? I went there before Brook did I got it."

"How? I don't quite understand"

"Simply by pointing a revolver at him. I said I'd shoot if he didn't give it to me, and I meant it, and he knew I meant it."

Peering in From the Hall, Peter Saw Scott Higgins Sprawled on the Floor, Dead, His Pockets Rifled and the Room in Disorder

Peter said, "You're a remarkable girl," and he thought: "She's so sly. She's such an outrageous little liar. It's another of her gags."

Lynne said, "If you want the watch, darling, come and get it. But I mean what I said about the terms. You don't get the watch unless you promise word of honor to divorce her"

Peter said, "I've a terribly important appointment that won't keep. I can be there in an hour or so. Hold tight. Hold everything."

She laughed and said, "I'll be waiting, darling."

Someone knocked at the study door. Peter replaced the telephone in its stand and said "Come in."

Henry came in. He said, "Mr Storm, there's a gentleman here named Mr. Benton He's from the New York Sheriff's office and he says if you refuse to see him he'll come back with a warrant."

CHAPTER XIX

SANDRA had heard both of Peter's telephone conversations. Each time when the phone had rung, she had quickly picked up the telephone in her room and had listened She was puzzled by Brook's request that Peter meet him in the Stirrup Cup, but not quite so puzzled as Peter had been

Brook's conversation with her on the telephone a few minutes previously had been mystifying and upsetting but it had prepared her

He had sounded agitated. He had said, "Is Storm there?" and when she had said that he wasn't that he'd gone out, Brook had said angrily, "When? I must know"

She had not known And he had said, "Everything's ruined Higgins is dead. Someone shot him. He was dead when I got there"

Before she could question him he had hung up. He had sounded terribly upset. She had tried in vain to reach him before Peter had come in

Listening to Peter's conversation with Lynne Sandra had had the same thoughts that he had had She knew that Lynne was sly and that she would tell the most outrageous lies to gain a point But Sandra's deductions had not been the same as Peter's.

Peter was a man, and knowing how sly Lynne was, he believed that she was lying. Sandra, knowing that Lynne would go to any lengths to get Peter, believed that Lynne was telling the truth and did have Hilary Logan's platinum watch What Brook had said to her on the phone before Peter had come in was sufficient confirmation

Who had killed Scott Higgins? Not Brook, that was certain. Not Peter, or he would have the watch, and he would not have agreed to meet Brook, and he would have talked differently to Lynne.

Lynne? Sandra thought about it a moment. Lynne, when she had left here, had been on the verge of a tantrum She had been furious enough to kill anyone She was crazy enough about Peter to do anything

Sandra decided to go to the Van Pell house, to see Lynne, and to try to get the watch away from her before Peter arrived there. She could not reach Brook She would have to do it alone. He was, she knew, disappointed in her, although she had done her best.

As Sandra started on her way she visualized how delighted Brook would be if she could surprise him by saying, "Our worries are over, darling Isn't it wonderful? Here's the watch."

Leaving her room, she heard Peter and another man talking in the living-room. She found Henry in the kitchen and asked him who the man was When he told her it was a Mr. Benton from the New York sheriff's office Sandra was delighted. Every minute he was delayed meant a minute more for her

* *

The Van Pell house was between Madison and Fifth. Arriving there, Sandra raced up the steps with beating heart

She knew that Lynne Van Pell envied her and hated her, and she knew that Lynne could be merciless and extremely dangerous. Sandra had no plan for securing the fabulously valuable watch from her She had only the fixed intention of getting it somehow and of surprising Brook with her resourcefulness

She pressed the button, the door opened and she said: "Miss Van Pell is expecting me, Colton I'll go right up, shall I?"

Without waiting for his answer, she walked briskly down the large and gloomy marble hall

SANDRA was looking forward to her marriage to Brook and to her occupancy of this house because, among other reasons, of what she firmly intended to do about remodeling it and cheering it up

Entering the automatic elevator she went to the fourth floor and knocked at the door of Lynne's room

Lynne's husky voice cried "Come!" And Sandra turned the knob and walked in Lynne's room had none of the gloom and dreariness of the rest of the house. Its air was one of delicacy, crispness and good taste

Lynne was lying on one of two beds, facing the foot of the bed and the opening door She wore a chiffon dressing gown over satin pajamas

She was obviously dressed for receiving Peter Storm, and her eyes became perfectly round on

(Continued on Page 20)

IF YOU WANT SUDS! —TRY AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING LAUNDRY SOAP!
CONCENTRATED Super Suds
I USED TO GET SO DISCOURAGED ON WASHDAY...
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, PEGGY! I SCRUB TILL I'M WORN TO A RAG, YET MY CLOTHES NEVER LOOK AS WHITE AS YOURS!
MARY, YOU DON'T NEED TO SCRUB THESE DAYS! GET CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX. IT GIVES RICHER SUDS THAT SOAK OUT THE DIRT WITHOUT SCRUBBING!
AND SO NEXT WEEK I TOOK PEGGY'S ADVICE...
GRACIOUS! WHAT PILES OF RICH, LONG-LASTING SUDS CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS GIVES! AND HOW QUICKLY THEY SOAK OUT THE DIRT! I HAVEN'T HAD TO SCRUB A BIT AND YET MY CLOTHES LOOK CLEANER AND WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX! THERE'S A WASH A BODY CAN BE PROUD OF! AND I'M DONE SO MUCH SOONER, TOO!
AND DON'T FORGET, MARY BECAUSE CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS ENDS HARD SCRUBBING, YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST FAR LONGER!
LADIES! READ WHY I MAKE WASHDAY EASIER...QUICKER!
CONCENTRATED Super Suds for WASHING CLOTHES
GET THE BLUE BOX

Because *Concentrated* Super Suds in the *blue box* is made with PYRAY, an amazing new soap ingredient, it gives you far richer, longer lasting suds! It SOAKS OUT dirt lightning fast in washing machine or in tubs ... gets your clothes dazzling white without scrubbing! Yet this new soap is marvelously MILD! Get *Concentrated* Super Suds in the *blue box* right away — and discover why it's America's fastest growing laundry soap!

The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

(Continued from Page 11)

shot that killed Taylor.

But the scandal broke with a fury that devastated Hollywood like a hurricane

Mabel Normand had left him early in the evening. Mabel, of whom it was said that she was in the clutches of a dope ring which preyed upon her misfortunes.

And in a book in the library the police found a letter. It was on pale stationery with a little butterfly across the top and the M M M that stood for Mary Miles Minter, as all Hollywood knew. It said

"I love you, I love you, I love you. Yours forever, Mary."

In such a round schoolgirl hand as startled the detectives

Poor butterfly! Caught now in the toils of the law, of scandal of ugliness. To be pinned with broken wings on every front page To end the short flight of glory in the sunlight of fame driven into the darkness by all the horrible things that surround a murder.

Taylor's death alone shattered her, set her weeping as we had not believed she could weep, dragged from her words we had not thought she could say or ever know the meaning of—hot words of love and passion and pain. The doll came to life and stopped saying "Mama-Ma-Ma" when the spring was pressed.

Instead she cried through sobs that were the sobs of a woman. "I loved him—we loved each other—we were only waiting until I could stop making motion pictures and we were going to get married—" I heard those sobs as I sat in her home in the days after the murder. I haven't forgotten them yet

Our little lamb, whom we had thought at home playing with dolls, had had no defense against this love and none against this grief It was a love great enough to keep her from marrying the brilliant young doctor from Pasadena who cared for her in the year that followed, or the romantic Hungarian singer, or the handsome United States Navy Commander who admitted openly that he had begged her to marry him and thought she might For eighteen years, Mary Miles Minter, under the shadow of the curse that follows her and the things it has brought to her, in the backwash of life, fleeing to Italy, hating her mother and fighting her, or becoming reconciled to her, for eighteen years Mary Miles Minter has been true to that love for the murdered man When you consider how young she was when he died, it must mean something that long and desperate loyalty

Who killed Taylor?

In 1937, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby said to the district attorney "For years there have been malicious innuendoes and rumors against me I did not kill William Desmond Taylor I do not know who did kill him. I demand a complete exoneration in this case or an indictment for murder

"For the past fifteen years she repeated, "these rumors have been circulated, innumerable threats made against me and now comes practically a formal charge by my own daughter, Mrs. Margaret Shelby Fillmore, to the effect that I withheld important facts and she assisted me in withholding them from the authorities. If she, or any other person has any facts concerning the murder of Taylor, I demand that they be disclosed immediately

That was in 1937.

What were those rumors, those threats those malicious innuendos?

How did they affect her daughter, Mary Miles Minter? Why fifteen years after the murder, did Mary's sister the one we always thought was Mrs. Shelby's pet, the one we thought got a better break than Mary from her mother at all times why did she say in open court

"I protected Mrs Shelby against the Taylor murder case" And Mrs. Shelby's own lawyer said: "Is it your contention that your mother killed William Desmond Taylor?"

And Margaret, once her mother's pet, once joined with her mother against Mary, stared back at her mother and at Mary by her side and said: "I don't have to answer that"

Yes, there were rumors in plenty. How could there help but be? Nothing that I know of can stop people speculating after such a shocking murder, when the police question and seek and follow clues and get nowhere. I was in New York when it happened I rushed home at once mostly because I wanted to be with Mabel Normand. Partly because I wanted to write some of the truths that I know, as a citizen of Hollywood, while some outside reporters dashed in and made a Roman holiday of everyone who had ever spoken to Taylor

The rumor case against Charlotte Shelby to which she herself referred later, was simple enough In the suit filed later part of the curse by Mrs. Shelby against a brokerage house she claimed had stolen money from her, the lawyer for the brokers said in court, "Mrs. Charlotte Shelby was fearfully jealous of William Desmond Taylor. Mary was in love with Taylor Mrs Shelby was madly jealous of anyone Mary might think of marrying and thus remove Mrs. Shelby's meal ticket"

That, in few words, probably states the fundamental basis for our rumors about Mrs Shelby and the Taylor murder. Everybody talked, everybody speculated Had Mary's Mamma found out that she really meant to marry Taylor? Had she seen the power, the utter dominance she

(Continued on Page 17)

"WELL ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY IT"
"BOY OH BOY! IT'S CRUNCHY"
"IT'S TOPS...IT'S WONDERFUL"
Ellen Drew PARAMOUNT'S NEW STAR FEATURED IN "WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES" says!
NESTLE'S CRUNCH MILK CHOCOLATE
NESTLE'S CRUNCH 5¢

"IF YOU LIKE YOUR BARS ON THE MELLOW SIDE,

Try Crunch"

Get "Hep" to the newest in taste thrills ... a new Chocolate Bar that's really got something other bars haven't . . . a mysterious CRUNCHINESS! Add that to the famous smoothness of Nestle's velvety chocolate and you have a bar you can munch and crunch right out of this world. Treat yourself. At your nearest candy stand. Only 5¢.

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CRUNCH BAR NESTLE'S NEW CHOCOLATE HIT 5¢

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Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, scabies, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions is quickly relieved by cooling, antiseptic liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION 40 years world-wide success Greaseless, stainless and invisible. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching A 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for—

D.D.D. *Prescription*

The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter By Adela Rogers St. Johns

(Continued from Page 16)

wielded over this girl and her million-dollar earning capacity, slipping from her hands because at last Mary had broken the bars her fear overcome by that one thing which is always more powerful than fear—by love? Had she found little notes like the one police found—or had there been a scene, one more outrageous scene such as we'd heard about in which the mother demanded that Mary give up this man and this marriage—and Mary, made brave by love—had refused?

There was talk—a great deal of talk about the pink nightgown with the M M M embroidered on it. Found, the tale went, in Taylor's apartment. The M M M and the butterfly—where it shouldn't have been, where, if Mary's mother knew it was, she might possibly have gone after it—with a gun in her hand, the pearl-handled gun which her daughter Margaret later said her mother owned.

Charlotte Shelby has been exonerated of the charge now. The district attorney of Los Angeles County, after a final investigation in 1937, stated that he had no case against Mrs. Shelby.

But—but—if these rumors which Mrs. Shelby knew about, which she spoke about, went the rounds, if people speculated in Hollywood, if they talked and tried to solve the mystery and discussed the possibility of Mrs. Shelby—didn't these rumors get back to Mary Miles Minter?

"There never was a pink nightgown of mine in Mr. Taylor's apartment," the star said. "I never had one with my initials."

Yet I once knew a man who swore he saw it there.

There may be times, as you know and as I know, when some dread thought about those we love or should love comes into our hearts. Maybe we don't blame them, maybe we don't actually believe anything against them. But the thought, the dark suspicion, moves like a current in the sea of our subconscious and sometimes it comes to the surface.

"I hate to say it," Mary cried later, driven into a corner, "but my mother wanted Mr. Taylor for herself. That's why she was so jealous."

Ugly, complicated, dark indeed all this—for an inexperienced girl. Her mother, she knew, was madly jealous of her, of anyone she liked, anyone who might have the least influence with her. She was violently, almost insanely opposed to Mary's contact with any man—with love, with sex, with romance.

Might it have occurred to little Mary, weeping her heart out on her grandmother's shoulder, that—that—no, Mama couldn't—it's crazy to think such a thing—but she does get so angry with me—she didn't want me to marry him—she said she'd stop me—swore she'd stop me.

The beginning of the [illegible] Mary [illegible] through on the screen. The butterfly's [illegible] flight was over. The [illegible] ruined her. The suspicion of a love affair with Taylor for the sweet, innocent little girl heroine was enough. The million-dollar contracts weren't renewed.

The break between Mary and her mother was definite. Mary wouldn't even see her mother. She had escaped at last. She was more loyal, more loving, more determined to go on loving Taylor in death than she had been in life. Her mother's hold was shattered.

But she had no money. Literally none. Why, she didn't actually ever have money enough for lunches—this girl whose contract figures read in the millions. The house built upon the sands—the millions her mother had [illegible] her treasure, the fame that had come to her because people wanted to make her another Mary Pickford, the love she had given an older man whose life was somehow so snarled that he was murdered before they could be married—the house built upon the sands had crashed down under the winds of adversity, criticism, scandal, and all the [illegible] things that murder brings into any life it touches.

The curse was upon it.

Finally she filed a suit against her mother, from whom she was completely estranged—demanding an accounting of the millions she had earned, not one penny of which she had. In New York, where she had fled, she lived simply and had trouble sometimes making both ends meet. There was talk of her return to the stage but nothing came of it.

Her mother refused to surrender the money. From the past, came Homer Riley, who said he was Juliette Shelby's father and the husband of Charlotte Shelby, her mother. And he said that Mary was 30 and not 21—that Mrs. Shelby's determination to keep Mary a child, to keep her under age, to dominate her, had made her lie about the child's age. That would have a point too, upon the bitter feud over the money.

Mary Miles Minter as She Looked Just After the Murder.

At last that was settled somehow out of court. Mary accepted $200,000—and some sort of reconciliation took place, or it was given out that a reconciliation had taken place. But Mary's heart had grown very bitter against her mother. When her beloved grandmother was dying Mrs. Shelby had refused to talk to Mary on the phone, had not notified her until it was too late for the girl to reach her grandmother's side.

Rapidly, disaster piled upon disaster. The furniture in the great 42-room house across from the Ambassador Hotel was sold at auction. Her sister Margaret—mama's pet, we always called her—married, and Mary, who had always loved her sister, who had supported both her mother and her sister, wasn't even asked to the wedding.

Then came the strange tragedy surrounding Les Henry.

I knew Les pretty well—and along with a great many other people liked him. He was chairman or something of the Tournament of Roses committee and the New Year's Day Rose Bowl Game. A cheerful, friendly little man with a ready smile. He was also, it appears, a broker, representing a big brokerage house.

When Mrs. Shelby began filing suits on her own account, she claimed that Les Henry had speculated with the money she held for Mary Miles Minter and had lost $450,000 of it. Black curse upon that money there must have been—for funny kindly Les Henry went to jail protesting to the last that Mrs. Shelby had "known all about it," even while Mrs. Shelby claimed he had tried to blackmail her into silence by threats about the Taylor case.

The loss of the money was a terrific one to Mrs. Shelby. So much had been sacrificed to it. Her great ambitions for Mary lay in ashes about her. The house had fallen. Mary Miles Minter wasn't a movie star any more—she was a fat, ordinary-looking girl, so fat that people who met her were shocked and old friends pleaded with her not to let her beauty be hidden under all that weight of flesh.

But Mary smiled at everybody and shook her head and said, "I've been starved to death all my life. I never had anything to eat when I was a girl growing up and always hungry. I always had a tendency to fat (those soft round baby curves that I remember, I suppose they were actually a tendency to fat) and so Mrs. Shelby never let me eat anything and I was always hungry—so now I'm going to eat all I please. What does it matter? I'm not a star any more and I shall never marry."

Hungry—in the midst of plenty. So now, Mrs. Shelby had a daughter who wanted to make up for that lost time. A daughter who wasn't a star, who was an ex-star, being swiftly, very swiftly forgotten, because she had never had any great, deep hold on the public—and the public forgets anyway. In a few short years the girl who had really been one of the most advertised and most heralded stars, was just—an ex-movie queen. You see, her pictures which were to outdo Mary Pickford, had never been too successful. How should they be?

And Mrs. Shelby's money was gone—some of it. A good deal of it—gone forever.

So she sued the brokerage house Les Henry had worked for for $750,000—and another nasty court fight was on, and Mary this time sat beside her mother.

But to look at them it was plain how little they sat together in spirit and in heart.

Oddly enough, it was Margaret who shook the house right down to its poor sandy foundation.

The lawyer for the brokerage house claimed that his firm wasn't responsible for Les Henry's actions. They were, he said, personal and private.

"The mother and the agent—Les Henry—entered into an alliance to keep the little actress impoverished," said Norman Steery, famed Los Angeles lawyer, in open court. "The fact is that Mary was allowed nothing, while her sister, Margaret, had everything. Mary was violently unhappy during those years for her mother and her sister were always accusing her of terrible things and desiring intimacies with men and keeping her indebted to them at all times."

Mary Miles Minter sat in the courtroom [illegible] didn't seem to bother her. She shrugged. Margaret was there too. Saying nothing. All this, it may be Mary already knew. Or maybe, in spite of the reconciliation, there was nothing in her that could be hurt any more.

Margaret had everything.

That was the way it always looked to us. Margaret knew how to handle her mother. Or maybe her mother [illegible] Margaret because she was the one upon whom Mrs. Shelby's ambitions centered.

Oddly, the curse used Margaret, the pet, the favorite. Just what happened nobody quite knew. But in 1936 Mrs. Shelby tried to have her daughter, Margaret, adjudged insane, had her confined in a psychopathic ward and attempted to have her committed to the asylum.

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Shelby later, [illegible] Mrs. Fillmore is very bitter against [illegible] Shelby [illegible] to take [illegible] daughter's [illegible].

The court didn't think Margaret was insane. And so Margaret came out very bitter against her mother—and this time it was Margaret who sued for part of the money little Mary Miles Minter had earned. $18,000 she wanted and the house in Laguna. Part of the $133,000 her mother had promised her in the year 1923, the year after the Taylor murder.

The court testimony on that suit is amazing. It brought the final investigation of the Taylor murder. The curse always operated that way: they started the trouble these women, and it [illegible] every time.

Said Margaret, on the witness stand: "There are other obligations besides legal ones."

Little dark-haired, dark-eyed Margaret, who had been so soft and pretty, who had somehow always gotten along with her [illegible] after her experience in the psy[illegible]

"I assume you refer to moral obligations?" from the lawyer.

A. One could call them that.

Q. Was Mrs. Shelby under a legal or moral obligation to you in the year 1923 to give you $133,000? (1923. Fourteen years ago, a long time.)

A. The moral obligation would be a matter of opinion, but it was [illegible] to stand by her against the public [illegible] Staying by her and working the floor with Thomas Lee W[illegible] (then district attorney) and John G. Mott, keeping [illegible] possible [illegible].

Q. You [illegible] that [illegible] worth $1[illegible]

A. It [illegible] that [illegible] tion I would [illegible] cent for sh[illegible].

Q. Was Mrs. Shelby under any accusation at that time?

A. Some people thought so.

(Continued on Page 19

HOW TO CLEANSE AND SOOTHE TIRED STRAINED EYES

Why suffer from burning, smarting eyes? Murine brings *quick, amazing relief.* A drop in each eye night and morning—that's the modern way to *cleanse and soothe* your eyes. Murine is alkaline—its six extra ingredients *completely wash away irritation and strain*. Get Murine from your druggist *today*.

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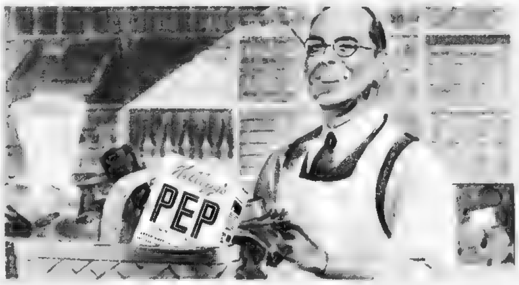

THIS IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST VITAMIN MERCHANT, though he seldom advertises the fact. *Your neighborhood grocer!* For vitamins are *food*, not drugs. They are natural constituents of scores of good things to eat that the grocer sells every day. He packs them in every market basket though he never thinks of charging extra for them. That's why physicians tell you it is not only *wiser*, it is also *thriftier* to get your vitamins in foods.

BUT YOU MUST KNOW what vitamins you need and which foods contain them. For example, this woman's grocery list contains, among other things: butter and cheese and fresh carrots for vitamin A, oranges and cabbage for vitamin C, milk and prunes for vitamin G, and the vitamin-enriched cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, for vitamins B₁ and D.

CUT OUT THIS CHART AND KEEP IT IN YOUR KITCHEN
THE VITAMIN GROCERY CHART

VITAMIN A	A is for Grade "A" milk and for the vitamin found in milk and milk products, particularly butter	Increases resistance to certain eye, ear, nose and throat [illegible]. Aids growth	BUTTER, CHEESE, CARROTS, SPINACH, APRICOTS
VITAMIN B	B is for Bran, one of the most important ingredients in Kellogg's PEP	Stimulates the appetite, helps digestion. Aids in some types of [illegible]	Kellogg's PEP, LIVER, Kellogg's PEP, OYSTERS, Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN C	C is for Citrus fruit. That means the orange-lemon-grapefruit family	Helps to maintain sound gums and teeth	ORANGES, LEMONS, STRAWBERRIES, CABBAGE, BANANAS
VITAMIN D	D is for Daylight, because this is the sunshine vitamin. PEP has it	Most important in building bones and teeth. Prevents rickets	Kellogg's PEP, Salmon, Kellogg's PEP, EGGS, Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN G	G is for Growth, because this vitamin helps you grow	Together with other vitamins, it aids in proper nutrition and growth	PRUNES, LIVER, BEANS

HERE IS THE CHART SHE USES, ready for you to cut out and keep in your kitchen. It shows you the A-B-C of the important vitamins, what they are, what they do for you, and some of the common foods in which you will find them. Only a few of the vitamin-rich foods can be listed in this small space. For more complete free information, send a post-card to Kellogg Company, Dept. 99 P, Battle Creek, Michigan. With these facts, it will be easy to plan a great variety of vitamin-complete menus for your family—menus that will give them a source of every important vitamin every day.

BUT DON'T FORGET that though vitamins A and C are fairly plentiful, diets are not usually so rich in vitamins B₁ and D. That's why the delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is so important. Each serving of these crisp flakes contains 1/2 the day's requirement of vitamin D, and 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum day's requirement of B₁, depending on age. It is relatively easy to obtain the remainder from any normal, well-balanced diet.

GET YOUR VITAMINS FOR PEP! See that your market list contains many of the foods shown in the chart above. And don't forget to serve often that vitamin-enriched cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

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FREE TO FALSE TEETH WEARERS!
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ADVISES
YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD
[illegible] Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound [illegible]
Note Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

SURPRISING RESULTS
RASHES
(EXTERNALLY CAUSED)
CLEAR UP
Don't let rashes, blackheads and other minor blemishes start externally. Mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment work fast to help win back and maintain natural skin loveliness. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment today. At your favorite drug counter
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NO OTHER magazine in the world offers scientific articles in as understandable, everyday language as The American Weekly. It provides more than 6,500,000 American families with articles concerning science's latest achievements... All chockful of facts explained clearly. All scientifically accurate!

5,000 SHE-TRAMPS RUINING THE ROAD FOR 40,000 LADY HOBOES

(Continued from Page 5)

legitimate branch of the ladies of the road. And like the registered hoboes they carry cards to prove it. The Hobouettes [illegible] is the ladies' auxiliary of the hobo organization. And like true hoboes they've taken [illegible]

Never [illegible] others or take advantage of a fellow [illegible] but to help him [illegible] being found [illegible]

Many of today's [illegible] are hitch hikers. The greater percentage of [illegible] [illegible] stop [illegible]

[illegible] Lady Godiva [illegible] the happiness that [illegible] life has to give her [illegible] does not wait at home for opportunity's knock. She takes the road and hunts it down! [illegible] for her kind!

Not only has the trampette and bumette made things [illegible] able for the hobo, they've done twice as much harm to this brave and womanly army of Knightesses the hobouettes. As the bum and the tramp spoil the roads for the legitimate 'bo, so are their female counterparts starving the good little hobouette, some of them from families of excellent background [illegible] stagnant existence.

And what does she become? A poor little girl [illegible] she frets her life away in monotony, routine and in all of the dull housewifely chores she sought to escape when she first hit the road.

And for all the misery and deprivation she causes others, what gains the trampette and the bumette?

I've observed the gradual degradation of them both. Jail and prison are bound to get sooner or later the more active criminal element.

And of those who do manage to keep their freedom, their consciences curiously enough get them. Then marijuana, dope, liquor and promiscuity finally steal away the last vestige of respectability and they've become, in truth, bumettes!

And let me say this of the trampette on the road. Not only is she vicious in temperament but of lowest vulgarity in action. She'll ding a cigarette of a 'bo and if he offers her a plain pill and not a reefer or a Mexican weed, holy smokes! The language that trampette uses! It's not fit even for a 'bo's ears and he's probably heard most everything.

And have some of those Janes a punch! When she wants to clear her path of the 'bo, to make way for the tramp whose company she prefers because he's just like her, what does she do? She slugs the poor gink when he's not looking and then kicks him off the rattler.

One [illegible] Connolly, who is chief of our [illegible] hobo [illegible] has reported more [illegible] [illegible] the first

Her obnoxious forwardness, her irritating [illegible] her [illegible] to share justly the high spot of the road not only with [illegible] of both [illegible]

[illegible] the trampettes [illegible] by their lack of [illegible] and their crookedness are [illegible] even to the [illegible]

In the bo's own words "life is [illegible] since the insidious rise of the trampette. And rather would he face three times her [illegible] and risk being [illegible] by them or [illegible] than travel with a half dozen dirty, foul-mouthed, vicious-acting trampettes.

What is the reason, or are the reasons, for this alarming [illegible] of womanhood to the road today? Why, in the past ten years, particularly, has there been an average of two and three thousand women, ranging in ages from 16 to 28, wandering the roads as hitch-hikers, mostly? Why?

I am frequently asked these questions, and more frequently do we discuss them at our Organization meetings since the subject is one of grave concern to every hobo member of the [illegible] registered.

Perhaps a psychologist would be in a better position than I, Jeff Davis, Hobo Rex, to set forth reasons for not only this shocking but pathetic situation of female degeneracy, for this [illegible] against American womanhood.

Some of these young women have gone forth only to be crushed at the first mile.

The majority stranded a [illegible] miles from home are too proud, too humiliated to make known to the [illegible] their plight.

[illegible] hobouette [illegible] No. 2 [illegible] trampette.

[illegible] say she found the cities [illegible] her too many and too confusing. And, if after years of dangerous roughing she becomes in truth the bumette, let us say that she tried, but failed to be the hobo knightess of the road.

Police and social workers express themselves as puzzled that so many of these female wanderers are college girls, either students or graduates.

"Hell!" they've expressed themselves, "you think college girls would have some pride."

And [illegible] What has education [illegible] if a Jane is born with the wanderlust? Of what great weight [illegible] if a girl is forced to the road because of [illegible]

Jitterbug [illegible] the constant [illegible] confusion about us everywhere in the big cities [illegible] in every [illegible] of her own [illegible] She [illegible] round [illegible] the nervous environment of [illegible] and dance hall.

She is [illegible] in search of that promised silver lining. And always Hollywood beckons. Poor little Jane! Poor little misguided Yap.

And what about her small town sister or even the farmerette?

They too [illegible] to such an intense degree as the big-town girl, have been bitten by the jitterbug. The radio and the moving picture has made her increasingly restless to see and feel life, not merely to "dream" it, as she [illegible] imagines she is doing in her more or less rustic background.

Water if it stands still becomes stagnant. To me, Jeff Davis, Hobo Rex, a round-the-world-traveler six times, the itching foot is as understandable as a simple problem in addition. Were not the early German women, the Scotch, the Irish, the Jewesses of old, wanderers? Were they not as fervent search of the answer to life as were their men?

Independence of thought and action of the modern woman has made her a throw-back to those early generations of women wanderers. And heaven help her lot if the insecurity and tautness of the modern age increases, as time goes on, instead of abating.

The working girl on small salary in the cities is not even permitted decent relaxation once she retires to her tiny furnished room. Blaring radios, the constant opening and closing of doors of other roomers who arrive and go at hours different from hers, the honk and shriek of the auto siren, the rumble of traffic and the screeching and shouting of drunken or partying neighbors, the peal and blast of innumerable bells and whistles—the thousand and one sounds and noises emanating from a modern life [illegible] people [illegible] they finally do their fatal damage.

The little working girl [illegible] and now sleep [illegible] the gate for inefficiency at her job or she may oversleep just one morning too many. Failing to find other employment quickly, the easiest alternative appears to be the road — other scenes and places.

When her dwindling funds do not permit of [illegible] travel she resorts to the [illegible] [illegible] has made [illegible] [illegible] take an extra passenger [illegible] don't fancy [illegible] baggage, too.

The hoboes of America can only hope for this little knightess of the road that she will become in time a registered hobouette. And to these thousands of brave and womanly little travelers we doff, again, our caps.

The hobouette only wants to make the next town.

The trampette only wants to make the next guy.

The bumette wants to make anything!

Photograph Demonstrating How a Lady "Rides the Rods"—a Rather Dusty, Dangerous And Uncomfortable Way Of Beating a Ride Under the Floor Of a Freight Car

In a later issue of The American Weekly this important matter of what is sending American girls and women out on the hobo road will be discussed from the sociological standpoint by an important woman official of Travelers Aid Society.

WE HAD A DRINKER IN THE FAMILY
... until this free new book showed us the way to happiness!
Like thousands of other [illegible] we know that [illegible] and that [illegible] how the [illegible] [illegible] done for others [illegible]
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Mr. D. A. Nel[illegible]
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Saved From Suicide by a Sonata

COPENHAGEN

THAT harmonious music has a soothing effect on the nerves is a well-known fact, personally experienced by most people. Nerve specialists have for some time been experimenting with the use of music in the treatment of mental patients and have obtained good results by administering "doses" of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Scarlatti, Rossini. But Tchaikovski, Wagner, Debussy, the moderns, and, above all, jazz music, neurologists say, are apt to unsettle people with morbid or supersensitive nervous systems.

How to administer doses of music and what brand to choose is a branch of medical science which still may be in the experimental stage, but the curative effects of harmony undoubtedly exist. Two Swiss scientists, Doctor Girard and Doctor Rodt, recently tried out the effects of music combined with anesthesia in surgical operations with the best possible results. They set up a phonograph in the operating room and played classical orchestra or chamber music, not opera, since they consider that too dramatic and thrilling to serve their purpose, during major operations in three hundred cases. Whether the operations were performed while the patient was under ether, or local anesthesia only, the surgeons unanimously declared that the effect of music upon the patient's general condition during and after the operation was excellent in each case.

The most striking example of the soothing effect of Beethoven, for instance, was seen recently at the State Mental Asylum of Copenhagen. A well-known lawyer of that city, suffering from a complete nervous breakdown, the symptoms of which were a persecution mania that alternated with acute depression, was taken to the asylum by his relatives. He was aware of his serious condition and seemed perfectly willing to submit to treatment, but when his car stopped in front of the institution, he was suddenly seized by an attack of dementia. Before anyone could stop him, he raced upstairs and climbed out onto the roof of the building. In a state of uncontrollable agitation he was obviously preparing to fling himself down into the street. The doctors feared that as soon as anyone tried to approach him from the roof he would hurl himself down at once, to meet his certain death. They telephoned to the nearest fire station, and a fire brigade was immediately sent to the spot with a life-saving net which they stretched out below to catch the falling body of the unfortunate maniac if he jumped. A large crowd breathlessly watched the impending tragedy which no one was capable of preventing.

Suddenly, from the open windows of a house nearby, the strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" fell upon the air. Someone had left the loud speaker of his radio switched on before he joined the crowd in the street. The poor maniac on the roof stopped his mad capers, listened, grew calm, and without a gesture of protest suffered the doctors and nurses to approach him and conduct him to his room. The incident that had very nearly ended fatally, gave the doctors of the asylum the key to his treatment. His rest cure was combined with judiciously administered doses of music, with excellent results. Music treatments are henceforward going to be used regularly in the State asylums of Denmark, and will probably find their way into mental medicine everywhere.

Whale Oil Without Whales

SCIENCE has been checking on whales to see where they get their oil with the result that the largest of seagoing mammals may be pushed entirely out of the economic picture. In other words a plentiful supply of this valuable substance may soon be obtained without its touching the whale in any way.

A plan to get "whale oil" long before the spouting mammal manufactures it has been suggested by Dr. Trevor Kincaid, a scientist at the University of Washington.

"Whales feed largely on plankton, a shrimplike crustacean," says Dr. Kincaid. "It is possible for large factory ships to go into whaling waters and suck up enormous quantities of plankton, crush the oil out of them and process it while the ship is returning to port.

"If this is done on a large scale it means the end of whaling fleets as we know them and gives the whales a chance to increase in numbers again. And getting the oil direct, production costs would be lowered."

So it is possible that tomorrow's whaling ships may take the advice of the men who study sea-life so minutely and leave their harpoons and knives at home to chase the little plankton instead of the mighty whale.

Why not fight fatigue the way fire-fighters do?

YOU'VE probably noticed at a stubborn fire how the firemen take time out now and then for a steaming hot cup of coffee.

During cold weather, you've probably thought that they drank the coffee to warm up. And that's correct. But it's not the only reason.

Fire-fighting is hard work, a nerve-wracking strain. And coffee relieves fatigue, eases nerve tension, makes mind and muscles more alert.

Coffee gives you a pick-up too. And that beneficial lift lasts only two hours if you're like 97 out of 100 people.* So, of course, you can enjoy coffee at dinner —*and sleep.*

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?
Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.
DON'T MISS IT!

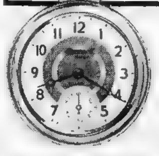
REMEMBER THIS. To make good coffee, use enough —a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

RIGHT or WRONG?
If hat's your score in this 1 minute Coffee Quiz?
COFFEE CALMS THE NERVES
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐
Coffee for centuries, has been the mainstay of men working under pressure: firemen, seamen, Red Cross workers. They drink coffee to relieve the nervous strain, for better mental and physical coordination. Check "Right" above.
COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐
Of course coffee is a stimulant. Yet it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression, no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumer of coffee in the world
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

THIS WATCH SAID I HAD PLENTY OF TIME!
MARRIAGE LICENSES
CLOSED
IT'S DUMB TO GAMBLE ON AN UNKNOWN WATCH— $1.00 BUYS AN Ingersoll —IT'S TESTED BY THE ELECTRIC EYE!



A WATCH YOU can't trust is a poor buy at any price! Insist on Ingersoll on the dial—and make sure of the same big money's worth that made "The Watch that Made the Dollar Famous" the standard of timepiece value for a whole nation! Ingersoll-Waterbury Company, Waterbury, Connecticut

GREATER ACCURACY—in the checking of vital parts is assured by the Electric Eye test and other exclusive Ingersoll precision devices.

INGERSOLL SWAGGER WRIST WATCH $2.69
Rectangular dial in chromium finish case. Unbreakable crystal. Has a second hand. Black or tan leather strap.

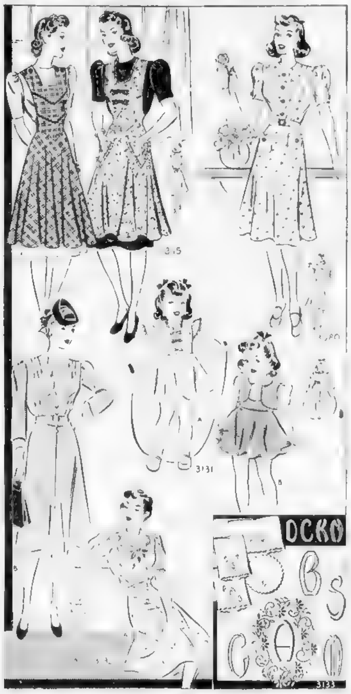
Other Ingersoll Pocket and Wrist Watches to $4.95

INGERSOLL DOLLAR ALARM $1.00
Round or square case. Other Ingersoll clocks to $1.95.

Ingersoll BUCK
Neat, sturdy nickeled case with unbreakable crystal that stays clear. Has a second hand. **$1.00**

DON'T GAMBLE—buy Ingersoll
YOUR $ NEVER BOUGHT A BETTER WATCH

The American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3132 THIS CHIC STYLE LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE. YOU MAY MAKE A SOFT PRINTED DRESS OF IT, AS IN VIEW A, OR STITCH UP A SMART REDINGOTE, VIEW B. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 36, View A, requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. View B, 3¾ yards.

Pattern 3080—A LADY-AT-HOME MUST LOOK HER BEST NOWADAYS. YOU NEED THIS FROCK OF CHEERY PRINT, WITH ITS GAY SCALLOPED BUTTONING AND ROUND YOKE THAT RELEASES FULLNESS BELOW. Designed for [illegible] and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, [illegible] 38 and 40. Size [illegible] yards [illegible] fabric.

Pattern 3115 FASHION IN THE KITCHEN IN TWO ATTRACTIVE VERSIONS OF AN EASY APRON STYLE. Designed for sizes [illegible] medium and large. Small size requires 2 [illegible] yards 35-inch fabric for each option.

Pattern 3131 AN ADORABLE DRESS FOR A SMALL BELLE. PERT BOLERO ADDS EXTRA DASH. CONTRAST MAY BE SMARTLY USED. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, View A, requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch fabric; View B, 2⅜ yards and ¾ yard contrast for blouse.

Pattern 3133 JUST EASY STITCHES FORM THESE COLORFUL INITIALS SO SMART ON LINENS AND LINGERIE. USE THEM WITH OR WITHOUT THE FRAME. Pattern 3133 contains a transfer pattern of 2 alphabets 1⅝ inches high; information for placing initials and monograms, illustrations of stitches, color suggestions.

PRICE OF PATTERNS
15c EACH

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c for each pattern and address your envelope to

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

[illegible]

Cleveland Reader Awarded $50 for Opinion on Lady Drivers!

AN OPPORTUNITY was offered lady drivers, in the December 17, 1939 issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, to furnish evidence that might settle once and for all whether or not women are a menace behind the steering wheel, or if they are misunderstood martyrs.

A test was published in that issue and THE AMERICAN WEEKLY announced that $50 would be paid for the best letter of 200 words or less on the subject of "Lady Drivers," written by a woman reader who drives an automobile.

After reading all the letters submitted by women readers the Editors of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY have chosen the following letter as the prize-winning contribution:

"YES, we Lady Drivers are martyrs — because of the fact that masculine ego must be upheld at all costs — and the Gentleman Driver is so certain of his omnipotence that we conceal our smile as we humbly salaam.

"To his scornful criticism we owe our proficiency.

"Way-back-when, with fear and trembling, the females of the family were put behind the wheel and barked at by teacher-husband, they learned by trial-and-error — and there were poor women drivers.

"Today a woman gets expert dealer instruction, even as do the men of the family. She is properly introduced to Gauges, Safety Aids, Starting and Control Devices, and sound driving practices — and she **heeds** and she **practices**, for it is only by being a Better Driver that she gets even amused tolerance.

"She looks about her and sees superior males careless of driver responsibility and highway courtesy — but if she's smart she lets the traffic officer tell 'em.

"The woman driver isn't in so great a hurry to get places — and when she's tired she stops. She has good brakes and a courteous horn.

"And she still goes around the block rather than park in a tight spot.

"Menace — huh!"

A check for $50 has already been mailed to Mrs. W. F. (Mary E.) Hoover, P. O. Box 1879, University Center Station, Cleveland, Ohio, who wrote the letter published above. And, incidentally, in accordance with the rules, Mrs. Hoover specified the name of the automobile she drives, its year of purchase, its license number and the number of her own driver's license.

The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

(Continued from Page 17)

Q [illegible]

[illegible]

Q Yes.

[illegible]

There it was. [illegible]

[illegible]

and $3,000 in personal effects. For Margaret willed them to her [illegible]

[illegible] Mary Miles Minter [illegible]

[illegible] disgrace can mean.

The feud still rears its ugly [illegible] Margaret's grave.

[illegible] Mary Miles Minter [illegible]

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE!

[illegible]

Is YOUR Pie "THE TOPS?"

THE AMERICAN WEEKL[illegible] by readers and used [illegible]

[illegible]

Adventure

The hope men live by . . . the yearning for lands unknown, for deeds undone . . . the love of women and the joy of combat—of these this stirring adventure is made! Northwest Passage answers a challenge in every heart—the challenge to live and love boldly! Two years in production, filmed out-of-doors in wild lake-and forest country typical of the locale of the story, Kenneth Roberts' best selling novel now comes to the screen in breathlessly beautiful Technicolor.

Spencer Tracy gives his greatest performance as fearless Major Rogers.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
IN TECHNICOLOR
NORTHWEST PASSAGE
(Book 1 . . . Rogers' Rangers)
starring SPENCER TRACY *with*
ROBERT YOUNG
WALTER BRENNAN • RUTH HUSSEY • NAT PENDLETON
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG • Directed by KING VIDOR
Screen Play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP
Reducer's ABC's

Streamline your figure for Spring
Get free Ry-Krisp reducing booklet

Have you, like so many others, taken on extra pounds this winter? Then start now to reduce the Ry-Krisp way... before you buy your new spring clothes, because bumps and bulges can make the smartest styles look dowdy.

Following the Ry-Krisp plan [illegible] person can lose about 7 to 8 pounds a month without drastic diet or exhausting exercise.

Ry-Krisp Plan in Brief

A. Eat sensibly. Ry-Krisp booklet gives portions and wide variety of everyday foods from which to choose.

B. Exercise moderately... just to help keep your muscles and skin firm.

C. Enjoy 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as your bread at each meal. Each delicious whole-grain wafer has only 20 calories yet supplies energy and bulk to help stimulate elimination.

Ask your grocer for Ry-Krisp today. It comes in the red-and-white checkerboard box, has the name baked in every wafer. Enjoy these crunchy, toast-like wafers at home or away from home. Order Ry-Krisp by name when eating at hotels, on trains or planes.

Free Reducing Booklet—Gives plan for losing 7 to 8 pounds a month. State if booklet is for man or woman. Address Ry Krisp, 750G Checkerboard Square, St. Louis. Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

A Delicious Every-Meal Bread—Ry Krisp is the unleavened whole-grain wafer that looks like an airy, golden brown cracker and tastes like toast

REDUCE THE EASY RY-KRISP WAY

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?

Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays $5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit!

(Continued from Page 16)

LAUGHING GIRL

seeing Sandra, and her face [illegible]. She swung her feet to the floor and sat up [illegible] jerk of motion.

Her amber eyes were [illegible] very hostile.

She said harshly "What do you want? Where is Peter?"

Sandra [illegible] her [illegible] hair. "I [illegible] the [illegible] Lynne. I haven't [illegible] hours. But [illegible] any [illegible] here. I wanted to have a talk with you about Peter. Things [illegible] on this way. After all [illegible] pair of civilized [illegible]"

"I'm not so sure of that," Lynne said. "I've been in love with Peter for over a year. You're not in love with him. You're in love with my brother. I don't [illegible] all that so damned civilized."

"But you don't understand."

Lynne was sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed with her arms folded, each hand clasping an elbow as she bent slightly forward. She was still embarrassed and still furious at having been caught so beautifully prepared to receive Peter Storm.

"What don't I understand?"

"I'm married to Peter," Sandra said quietly. "I want it to work."

The amber eyes burned at her. "You're a liar, Sandra."

"All right," Sandra said cheerfully, "let's put it another way. I'm not in love with him. Our marriage happened as the result of certain circumstances I won't bother to explain now. You can take my word that we were both forced into it. It's a marriage that can't and won't work. It must [illegible] a little while, until I can gracefully get out of it. I can't now because I don't want a scandal. Is that enough?"

Lynne was plainly suspicious but intensely interested. "No."

"I can't elaborate it now," Sandra said. "All I can say is I know how you feel about Peter. And I'll tell you in the strictest confidence—have I your confidence?"

"Yes."

"Because I want to relieve your mind that, although we're married legally, we are not married in any other sense."

Lynne stared at her and smiled slyly. "You're still lying, Sandra."

"Lynne, you're quite mistaken. I'm in love with only one man and I'll never be in love with another man. That's Brook. I [illegible] that, and you know I do."

Lynne stared at her for fully fifteen seconds probing her eyes, then seemed to relax.

"I am not in love with Peter," Sandra went on. "And I won't [illegible] He's been [illegible]. He [illegible] over his [illegible]. Whether he [illegible] Lynne would spoil everything."

THE girl on the bed was [illegible]. She said "I think you really mean that. Would you like a drink?"

"I'd love it."

"All I have is Scotch and water. You see I was expecting Peter and he doesn't drink anything else."

"I'll have Scotch and water. Not too much water."

"All right."

Lynne got up and went into the adjoining room. Sandra heard her [illegible] the bottles and she wondered what she [illegible] next. [illegible] of the [illegible] of this suite was the [illegible].

Lynne returned with the two highballs, one in each hand. She placed them on a table and said "I'll get some cigarettes."

She crossed the room. Sandra reached out for her drink. Then she noticed on the base of the glass that Lynne had set down before her—obviously for her—a sprinkling of white powder. It might be nothing but powdered sugar, but why should Lynne put powdered sugar in Scotch and water?

Before Lynne had crossed the room to another table on which was a golden cigarette box, Sandra had switched the drinks. As Lynne turned, Sandra picked up the highball which Lynne had intended for herself and thirstily drank some of it.

Lynne put the golden box down and picked up the drink she had intended for Sandra. She was watching Sandra curiously. She said: "Sit down, Sandra. I'd like to have this pretty definite. I don't trust you, but I distrust you a lot less than a lot of girls I know."

Sandra sat down and finished her drink. Lynne was drinking hers slowly, a sip at a time, as if she relished it.

"How definite," Sandra said pleasantly, "do you want it to be?"

"That's entirely up to you. How long will it take?"

"As soon as the hubbub over all this trouble has died away," Sandra answered, "I'll move out of Peter's apartment. Let's say a week or ten days at the outside."

"And I'm to trust you," Lynne said, taking another sip, "that you [illegible] away from him, and that you won't even let him kiss you."

"You certainly can."

Lynne finished her highball quickly and said "Will you have another?"

"Not just yet." It seemed to Sandra that Lynne's eyelids looked longer and that her speech was already a little thick. Yet she could not believe it was possible, if there was a sleeping powder of some sort in the drink, that it would take effect so rapidly.

She glanced at her watch. She [illegible] been here a half hour. Peter might arrive at any moment. She believed that his talk with Brook would be very brief. He would discover that Brook did not have the watch [illegible] get away promptly.

"Very well," Lynne said. She [illegible] the heel of her palm, [illegible] the fingers across her forehead. She seemed to make an effort to sit up straighter. She looked quickly at her glass, then at the one Sandra had emptied.

She said, swallowing, "Do you mind going now, Sandra?"

She got up. Her movements were uncertain. She swayed a little. She swallowed again. She caught her lower lip in her teeth and her eyes grew large. She blinked. She said, in a strange imitation of her usual rapid-fire way of talking, "You swapped those glasses."

Sandra looked at her with amazement. "Lynne, what are you talking about?"

Lynne took several deep breaths rapidly. She panted. "You contemptible, double crossing—" She stopped and swallowed again. She made grimaces as if her mouth tasted bitter. "Get out of here!" she panted frantically.

She threw herself at Sandra. Sandra caught her wrists and held her away. Lynne broke free and ran, lurching, toward the door, trying to get out of the room. Sandra ran ahead of her, placed her back to the door and cried out, "Get back."

LYNNE turned about, almost fell down, and ran back. She ran to the telephone on one of the bedside tables. As she picked it up, Sandra, on the other side of the bed, reached over and seized the cord. She pulled at it, but it did not come out or break. Sandra [illegible] the phone from her and dropped it back in the holder.

Lynne had fallen across the bed face down. She rolled over and pushed herself up on her elbows. She said laboringly: "You're not so smart. My brother isn't in love with you. He thinks you're nothing but a fool. He's in love with Carol Dunbar. She's his mistress. He's—"

Her voice had become slower and thicker until it stopped. Her eyes were glazed and long-lidded. She was breathing rapidly in short gasps, with her mouth open. Her eyes seemed to go perfectly blank of all intelligence just before they closed. She collapsed on the bed with her head hanging down over the edge, her dark hair tumbling to the floor.

Sandra stared at her with fascination. She lifted Lynne by the shoulders and pulled her around so that her head was on the pillow. She arranged her feet. Then Sandra ran to the door and locked it, trembling with the necessity of finding the platinum watch before Peter arrived, following his interview with the man from the sheriff's office and Brook Van Pell.

[illegible]

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

Newest Progress in Science's Chemical Warfare on Germs

(Continued from Page 9)

germs outside the human body.

These drugs are not like iodine or bichloride of mercury, bacteriocidal, that is, germ-killing. They are bacteriostatic; instead of actually killing, they somehow interfere with the growth and multiplication of the bacteria. The chemicals hold the germs in check, giving the natural defenses of the body a better opportunity to dispose of them.

The sulfonamide drugs spread rapidly throughout the body and penetrate even into the fluids of the nervous system, seldom reached by other drugs taken by mouth or by injection. These sulfonamide drugs are toxic, but much less so than most of the previously known effective chemotherapeutic agents.

Perhaps the most revolutionary development in the present day chemical warfare on disease is the realization that a chemical to be effective does not have to be, as Ehrlich seemed to believe, a germ killer. It may suffice when it merely, so to say, "holds the villain's arms" while the body makes short shrift of him through its natural defenses.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran reports that last year the people of the United States consumed about 187 tons of sulfanilamide. That's a "heaping lot of medicine." Unfortunately, too much of it was used in self-medication. Too many people thought it was simple to buy some of the medicine and use it themselves. These drugs are wonder workers, but they are also dangerous. They must be used with skill and care, and the physician employing them must be on the alert for strange developments.

Sulfanilamide has been known to destroy red blood cells, and also white blood cells, to damage the liver, the kidneys and the heart, to cause temporary insanity, and to give rise to numerous other disturbances.

In the hands of the skilful physician these drugs are great and powerful weapons against death and disease. When employed in self-medication they are an open invitation to disaster.

But summing it up, the newer chemotherapeutic agents represent the greatest additions made to pharmacology during the 20th century.

I Work Like a Horse
...and what does it get me?

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT! USE MY SOAP... THE NEW 1940 "TOP-SPEED" RINSO. IT BURSTS INTO LIVELY SUDS THAT SOAK CLOTHES SNOWY WITHOUT HARD SCRUBBING OR BOILING
I'D LOVE TO GET A WHITE WASH WITHOUT SCRUBBING
NEXT WASHDAY
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE. THE NEW SPEEDY RINSO SOAKS OUT DIRT AND GETS CLOTHES A DAZZLING WHITE WITHOUT BACK-BREAKING WORK
I'M NEW "TOP-SPEED" RINSO
I DISSOLVE IN A JIFFY AND I GIVE UP TO 3 TIMES AS MUCH SUDS AS OLD-TYPE SOAPS—EVEN IN HARD WATER
MY CLOTHES LOOK WHITE AS SNOW, NOW THAT I'M USING THE NEW RINSO. THE COLORS ARE SO BRIGHT AND GAY, TOO. THE RICHER, FASTER-WORKING RINSO SUDS ARE SO EASY ON MY HANDS—RINSO'S MY CHOICE FOR THE WEEKLY WASH, DISHES AND ALL CLEANING
Rinso

New 1940 Richer Rinso Contains Marvelous "Suds-Booster"

FEBRUARY-MARCH are Danger Months!

Take extra care not to get run-down this time of year

FRESH YEAST to help digestion
VITAMINS for vitality
Let them BOTH help to reinforce your resistance

If you are feeling nerve-weary—troubled by little digestive upsets—now is the time to try adding the new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast to your daily diet.

Scientists say Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast is so valuable in building people up because it gives you vitamins *together with* fresh yeast.

The fresh yeast *stimulates* slow digestion and *speeds up* the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this is an action of the *yeast itself*—entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed for steady nerves and vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important vitamins, A, B_1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Eat 2 cakes every day. See if it doesn't help *your* energy and resistance!

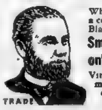
Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help

Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

Copyright, 1940, Standard Brands Incorporated

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

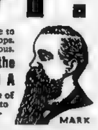
OH, JOY!



What a joy to get relief from a cough due to a cold. Get it with Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Black or Menthol, 5¢. Both taste delicious.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



Adding Flavor to Everyday Dishes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHAT is "good food"? "Good food" is that of which the eaters remark: "My, this food tastes good, it has such an unusually pleasing flavor!" The one touchstone of "good food" among all nationalities, is FLAVOR!

Now, fruits and vegetables may possess a pleasing flavor because they are served when young, tender, green, fresh, or fully mature and ripe like delicate new peas, or ripe luscious peaches for it is sun, soil and moisture which give the first, and most important natural food flavor.

Or again, a food may have pleasing taste when, to its natural flavors, there is added the "goodness" developed on subjecting the food to heat, fire, flame —or, at the other extreme, by cold, ice, chill. Thus, the crackling crunchy richness of roasted lamb, the enticing aroma of sizzling hot steak, or the cooling chill of fruit-y ice cream. Both heat and cold, flame and freeze, bring out hidden subtleties of flavor and perfume.

But when, to natural flavor and to hidden flavors we add a third type namely, herbs and spices proportioned by the hand of the skilled cook then we have that perfect blend which we may call "sophisticated flavor." It is then that people exclaim: "My, this food tastes good!"

Of all flavors, meat flavor is perhaps one of the most popular, including not only uncooked meat juice and extractives, but the gravy or meat juice when affected by heat; or, best of all, when to these two we add rightly-proportioned seasonings. Indeed, the reason why meats such as beef, chicken and other animal foods head the daily shopping list is because of this enticing natural flavor.

The chef knows the value of this meat flavor and enriches it in his famous "stock-pot," which is kept constantly simmering, or set at the back of the stove. Out of it, by the tablespoon or by the cupful, we have the all-important "stock" which he uses for gravies, sauces, soups, and for "masking" many foods in a savory meat jelly envelope.

But to keep a saucepot simmering on the usually constricted range area of the modern apartment or even in the detached home kitchen of today, is well-nigh impossible.

Under these conditions, the housewife or hostess rightly turns for aid to a compressed form of stock—namely, the dependable little bouillon cube. In this dice form, the bouillon cube furnishes an approximation of a cup of stock, broth, or freshly-made meat essence or extractives. Thus, it can be used in many recipes which instruct the cook to "add a cup of stock" or some similar quantity of broth.

All that is necessary to make the cube into a bouillon liquid is, as everyone knows, merely the addition of hot or boiling water. A cube to a cup seems a good proportion, although an essence of double strength may be gained by dissolving one cube in ½ cup of boiling water.

But doesn't everyone know this, and so what, as the popular parlance goes? However, there are more tricks with a bouillon cube than there are shakes of the dice, and here are some of them:

Use Them in Cocktails

Add one or more cubes to the regular tomato juice mixture, or to clam broth, beet or celery juice, to give "umph" to these tonic beverages.

Use Them in Quick Broths

Add a couple of cubes to 2 cups of water plus ¼ cup of cooked cut vegetables, sliced mushrooms, or chopped onions. Tomato juice, plus bouillon cube, plus chopped green vegetables, is an especially excellent tasty broth easily prepared and pleasing to serve in cups for the informal lunch, supper, or as the accompaniment to the late evening snack.

Use Them with Vegetables

Add a small amount of bouillon to the cooked vegetable, or, after draining off the surplus cooking water (if any), then add to the vegetable as a rich sauce or essence. This trick is very helpful when cooking the blander type of vegetable. The bouillon enhances the taste of these bland foods exactly as it does when used with rice, noodles or boiled macaroni — another trick of the helpful bouillon cube.

Use with Scrambled Eggs

Scrambled eggs gain a different flavor if, instead of the milk so often used to beat the mixture, we substitute a tablespoon of bouillon to each egg.

Use with Left-Overs

Here, of course, is a "natural" use of this quick broth or stock. For the left-over, the Cinderella of the refrigerator, is generally neither fresh, moist nor easy to look at after it has stood a couple of days in the chill of the refrigerator shelf. What it needs is added moisture and increased flavor. This is what bouillon can do if its rich liquid is added to the dry or shriveled left-over, or if it needs "extending" to make it worth-while to serve. Try using 1 cup of bouillon broth to any small food remnant, and to a small dish of this or that, and notice how easily fresh, natural flavor is restored to this small bit of food. Try this trick with the left-over steak ends, with the chopped fragments or any left-over roast, as a food "freshener".

Use It with Canned Soups

There are many kinds of canned soups, particularly the condensed canned soups, which require the addition of more liquid to make them of more pleasing consistency. Instead of adding water, try adding bouillon cube liquid there is a great gain in flavor and many new taste possibilities. Thus, take 1 can of condensed vegetable soup and add 2 cans bouillon cube liquid; or, take 1 can chicken gumbo soup, with 2 cans bouillon liquid and use as the inexpensive medium in which to "warm over" veal or lamb left-overs, or pour as a sauce over rice, or boiled noodles and similar bland foods. An excellent economy soup results from blending 1 can baked beans, 2 cans bouillon cube liquid and 1 cup canned tomato juice. Combine, heat and press through a sieve. It's a quick, nourishing Winter lunch soup.

Quick and Easy Bouillon Sauces

Basic Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, and cook together until lightly browned, stirring constantly. Dissolve 2 bouillon cubes in from 1 to 2 cups boiling water, and add, stirring constantly. Let mixture simmer 10 minutes until it is thick, smooth, and thoroughly cooked. Cook 3 minutes over direct flame to perfectly cook the flour. Season. Makes 1 cup sauce.

Now, here is how this simple "beginner's brown sauce," as we may call it, can be varied endlessly:

Mushroom Brown Sauce: To 1 cup, as above, add ½ cup sliced mushroom caps sauteed in butter, with ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire.

Horseradish Brown Sauce: To 1 cup, as above, add 2 tablespoons prepared horseradish and 2 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Olive Brown Sauce: To 1 cup, as above, add 1 small onion sliced and sauteed in butter, 2 tablespoons minced green olives, ½ teaspoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or white wine. Serve hot on steaks, chops, etc.

Spanish Brown Sauce: To 1 cup sauce, as above, add 2 tablespoons minced onion, ½ clove minced garlic, ¼ cup minced green pepper, ½ cup chili sauce, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire, dash of cayenne.

Duck or Mutton Sauce: To 1 cup sauce, as above, add 2 tablespoons chopped seedless raisins, 2 tablespoons currant or cranberry jelly, dash of salt and pepper, and ¼ cup orange juice or grapejuice.

THIS DELICIOUS MACARONI-AND-CHEESE

NOW 25% MORE CHEESE; SIMPLER RECIPE

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? If so, it may be worth $1.00 to you.

Perhaps it is an unusual way to use leftovers. Maybe it is a clever way to use less gas or electricity. Or then again it may be a timesaving idea for doing housework, or making an inexpensive something to do the work of a more expensive something else.

Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them — the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
235 East 45th Street, New York.

THIS week Mrs. C. E. Carlson, Aurora, Neb., starts the column with two prize winning hints, and energetic Wilma Thone, Clyde, Ohio, whose suggestions appeared here recently, is back with two more.

* * *

RUST

To prevent new tin ware, such as pots and pans or any kitchen utensils from rusting, rub with fresh lard and heat well in oven before using.

* * *

WAFFLES

My grandmother, who is Pennsylvania Dutch, and who certainly knows her waffles has agreed to tell why they are always so good. Have your buttermilk or sour milk warmed, then beat the eggs into it and pour the mixture on the flour.

Mrs. C. E. Carlson,
Aurora, Nebraska.

* * *

MILDEW

To remove mildew dip the clothes in buttermilk. When dry if the spot remains, dip again.

* * *

SCORCHED

For scorched clothes done by a hot iron moisten a white cloth with peroxide and rub on the scorched place, then rinse with clear water. Do not use this method on colored clothes as it will take out the color.

* * *

TEA

To prevent tea from staining the tablecloth, put a lump of sugar in the teapot before the tea is made.

Mrs. C. L. Schulze,
Sidney, Ohio.

* * *

COMPANY

Take your favorite tried-and-true cake recipe, and measure out the dry ingredients, and put them in a glass jar. Then write the amount of eggs, lard, milk and flavoring to be added and paste this label on the jar. When company drops in, it will take only a minute to get cake in the oven.

* * *

EGGS

Next time you turn away from a pie or pudding recipe that calls for 4 or 5 eggs try using one tablespoon cream or rich milk and a little baking powder—⅓ teaspoon will do, for every egg over one and see if your family will know the difference.

Wilma Thone, Clyde, Ohio.

* * *

CRUST

Orange juice used instead of water makes delicious pie crust.

Mrs. R. C. Jackson,
Inglewood, Calif.

* * *

FOWL

Difficult to make a nice moist roast fowl? Try roasting it with the breast down first using plenty of water. Keep it covered.

Mrs. Minda A. Smith,
Racine, Wis.

18 Famous Recipes For Varied Meals

SO MANY readers have requested famous prize-winning recipes previously printed in the Almanack, that the editor has collected 18 of them on a handy chart convenient for hanging in the kitchen.

Among them are Chicken in Batter, Snow Ball Biscuits, Jambalayah, Salt Risin' Bread and lots of others you'd like to try.

All 18 recipes are free to you for the asking. But in writing for them be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope to avoid disappointment.

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
235 East 45th Street,
New York City.

MY HUSBAND WAS FIT TO BE TIED!

Confesses Mrs. F. Florentino, Brooklyn, N. Y.

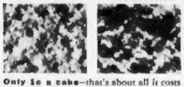
WHY CAN'T WE EVER HAVE BREAKFAST ON TIME? WANT ME TO GET FIRED?
IT WOULD TAKE A HOTEL STAFF TO FIX THE KIND OF BREAKFAST YOU LIKE...THINK I'M A MAGICIAN?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT HENRY'S BREAKFAST... I JUST HAVEN'T THE TIME TO MAKE HIM BIG HOT MEALS IN THE MORNING...
BUT MY DEAR! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT? IT SAVES YOU TIME WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!
BOY! THAT CREAM OF WHEAT IS ALL I NEED FOR BREAKFAST...IT TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
IT'S THE "NEW 5-MINUTE" KIND ...YOU CAN HAVE IT OFTEN AND IT COSTS NO MORE!
New!.. 5 Minute CREAM OF WHEAT
REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT FARINA

"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HERE'S WHAT MRS. FLORENTINO DISCOVERED ABOUT "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT: **COOKS QUICKER!** FULLY DIGESTIBLE-EVEN FOR BABIES-IN 5 MINUTES! **TASTES BETTER!** RICHER, WHEATIER! **BETTER FOR YOU!** HAS ADDED MINERALS AND VITAMIN B_1. **COSTS NO MORE!** 40 SERVINGS FROM THE 28-OUNCE PACKAGE. ASK FOR THE PACKAGE WITH THE **BLUE BAND!**

NOW TWO KINDS- "NEW" and "REGULAR" CREAM OF WHEAT

I COULD JUST SEE THE GIRLS MAKING FUN OF MY CAKE!



NO wonder Alice was so upset! The cake she'd planned so much on had turned out a dismal failure!

Too bad she didn't know the importance of baking powder, that any woman who bakes can be more certain of success every time with Royal.

You see Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *special* "steady action" that is different from most baking powders. Royal begins its work the *moment* it is stirred in the batter. Thus the expansion of the batter is *continuous and even.* That is why Royal cakes are fine-grained... light... fluffy. Why they keep their delicious moistness and flavor longer.

Many ordinary baking powders seem to have an *explosive, uneven action.* A greater part of the expansion is delayed until the cake is in the oven, and rising is often over-rapid. It may blow the batter full of large holes. Then the cake will be coarse... dry... crumbly.

See these actual photographs of cake, magnified, and the difference in results:

Only 1¢ a cake—that's about all it costs to get the greater assurance Royal gives—to protect ingredients costing 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

Remember, Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking powder taste." So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You'll agree it's well worth the difference in price.

ROYAL COOK BOOK FREE

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pies, puddings and main dishes. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. AW-4

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Sizes from the cradle to 4 years

● No wonder Sweethearts have been "Mothers' Favorite for Generations"! — these scientifically constructed baby shoes give both the support and freedom growing feet require. Soft. Flexible. Snug heel. Plenty of toe room. No seams to rub. Cushioned insole. Genuine Pre-Welt Construction as in higher priced shoes — yet you pay ONLY **$1.29 to $1.69.**

Packed in Special Carton which makes an amusing Toy Cradle *for Baby. For literature and name of dealer write: The A. S. Kreider Co., Lebanon, Pa.*

ASK

Buy them at
Chain Stores
Independent Retailers
Department Stores

KREIDER'S SWEETHEARTS

Brush Away Gray Hair ..and Look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

Joint-Ease
For RHEUMATIC PAIN

When rheumatism-arthritis settles in your joints and causes throbbing, pain or misery, just remember that **Joint-Ease** is one remedy that brings quick relief in accessible localities from just such torture. Even in persistent cases, just try rubbing on **Joint-Ease** for quick relief. **Joint-Ease** is a clean, penetrating preparation. Always remember that when **Joint-Ease** starts to work, joint misery starts out—quick! Ask for **Joint-Ease** and take nothing else.

NOTE — For free sample write Joint-Ease, 33-C St., Hallowell, Maine.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

THE FINNS CALL IT "KALA LOOTAA"

UNLIKE many European countries, Finland, which has been making so much news and history lately, is perfectly able to feed itself and to provide table-fare which builds healthy, rugged bodies capable of withstanding strenuous activity and sub zero weather.

Typical of the native recipes of this heroic little country is a prize winner sent in by Mrs. Edna Lehto, Aura, Mich., who writes:

"You have had so many recipes for special foreign dishes, that I am sending you a Finnish dish called "Kala lootaa" made somewhat like other scalloped dishes—with salt salmon.

Butter a baking dish — place sliced potatoes until half full; add small onion sliced, sprinkle with flour and pepper, and ½ pound salt salmon cut in small pieces. Then fill dish with more sliced potatoes. On top again place small pieces of salmon—bits of butter and a little pepper. (Very little salt is needed as the salmon is quite salty). Pour in enough milk to nearly cover the potatoes. Cover and bake in a medium hot oven about 1¼ hours.

This is very good served on any Friday night with cole slaw, buttered peas and dill pickles."

* * *

Finnish Lutefisk

Here is a Finnish recipe for lutefisk, or Lipija kallaa. It is a prize winner submitted by Mrs. James Corpron, Belden, North Dakota, who writes that it should be made as follows:

"Three pounds lutefisk, boiled five to ten minutes in water, drain. Add 5 cups rich milk; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon salt; dash of pepper. Bring to boiling point, and serve hot."

* * *

Liver Loaf

"For one dish Finnish meals," advises Mrs. Sandra Laupiainen, Detroit, Mich., "try a liver loaf or a herring salad. They are prepared as follows:

- 1 pound calf's or beef liver
- 1 cup rice
- ½ cup raisins
- 1 medium sized onion
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 cups milk
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 egg

"Boil rice in water until half done, strain, and run cold water over it to remove excess starch. Boil liver slightly (just a few minutes), grind fine in food chopper, and add to rice. Mince onion fine, and fry in the butter until golden brown. Mix onion, sugar, raisins, salt and pepper with rice and liver mixture. Add the cold milk, which should make it the consistency of porridge, not a solid mass. Butter loaf pan, put ingredients into it, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to 300 degrees and bake for 45 minutes more, serve with melted butter on each portion. Serves 4 to 6 people."

* * *

Herring Salad

- 1 medium Norwegian milk herring (salted, but not spiced)
- 1 large or two small bunches beets
- 1 bunch carrots
- 1 large Bermuda onion
- 2 pounds potatoes

"Boil beets, potatoes, and carrots separately until done. Cool and pare, then dice into cubes and place in a large bowl. Add finely minced raw onion. Clean, skin, and bone the herring, and chop fine. Add to vegetables in bowl, mix together well, and set aside in cool place for six hours, to let the flavors intermingle.

"Serve on lettuce leaf, with a dash of vinegar on each portion if desired. Serves about 8 people."

D. M.	D. W.	Aspects, Holidays, Notable Food Dates, etc.
1	Fr.	56 B.C. Romans think so highly of vegetables, they name their children after them.
2	Sa.	56 B.C. Onion Octavius, Roman babe, in tears at his christening.
3	S	1809 Dolly Madison served ice cream in the White House this day.
4	M.	1724 Defoe proclaims virtues of English Stilton cheese.
5	Tu.	1371 Sir John Mandeville, veteran tourist, recommends olive oil as cure for sea-sickness.
6	W.	1541 First South American bean introduced into Europe.
7	Th.	1899 Old fashioned raised "fried cake" yields supremacy to modern doughnut.
8	Fr.	☌ ♀ ♄
9	Sa.	1667 Sam Pepys dined on Dutch asparagus this day. Read his diary.
10	S	1536 Portuguese like cinnamon so much they conquer Ceylon to assure supply.
11	M.	295,876 B.C. Cave man Mog complains to wife that Brontosaurus steak was tough.
12	Tu.	295,876 B.C. Mrs. Mog does housework as usual. Skull not seriously fractured.
13	W.	☌ ☌ ☾. ☌ ♅ ☾
14	Th.	1671 Whimsical Paris baker makes first 5 foot long French bread in culinary history.
15	Fr.	44 B.C. Julius Caesar didn't come home to dinner this day. Guess why!*
16	Sa.	1844 Last great auk or garefowl of species eaten by New England fisherman.
17	S	445 A.D. St. Patrick busy chasing the snakes out of Ireland.
18	M.	1856 American travelers to Brazil sample parrot broth but remain unenthusiastic.
19	Tu.	1629 English Royal Steward incensed after checkup reveal 7 herring missing from 120 fish pie.
20	W.	2201 B.C. Yao Shim, Chinese Emperor, says that properly prepared tea will drive away the 5 Causes of Sorrow.
21	Th.	Spring is here. Time to think of housecleaning.
22	Fr.	Make a nice batch of hot cross buns today. It's Good Friday.
23	Sa.	☌ ♆ ☾
24	S	**Easter Sunday**
25	M.	928 A.D. Harold the Fair Haired takes first mutton to Iceland.
26	Tu.	☌ ♀ ♅
27	W.	1912 "Diamond Jim" Brady drank his customary pitcherful of orange juice at dinner.
28	Th.	1886 General George Crook and Indian bad man Geronimo discuss latter's surrender at buffalo steak dinner.
29	Fr.	Gambrinus, mythical Flemish king, is supposed to have invented beer around this time of the year.
30	Sa.	1284 Rome — 1 pound of mace now costs as much as 3 sheep.
31	S	1624 Louis XIII praises Richelieu's invention of mayonnaise dressing.

*He was assassinated.

CHIPPEWA RIBS

VARIATION OF AN OLD INDIAN RECIPE

"ONE day, chancing to have cold baked spare-ribs and sweet potatoes left over, I combined them for a one-dish dinner," writes Mrs. Ralph L. Norgaard, Buffalo, Minn. "The result was amazingly tasty. Then I learned that the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota often cook pork ribs with sweet potatoes—though by stewing in a pot—so I called my invention 'Chippewa Ribs.' Here it is:

- 4 sweet potatoes
- 1 pound pork spare-ribs
- 1 green pepper
- 2 onions
- 4 tablespoons diced salt pork
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 small can whole kernel corn (not creamed style)

"Put on sweet potatoes to boil (unless cold left-overs are to be used). Cut spare-ribs in small chunks and put on, separately, to stew (they may be browned first, if desired, or cold baked ribs may be used). Dice green pepper and onions and add to stewing meat (sometimes I add mushrooms, too, sauted first in butter). When tender, add tomato and corn. Season to taste (a dash of Worcestershire is good in the seasoning. Brown salt pork until crisp and add to stew, saving the fat. In this fat, make a thick gravy, using liquid from stewing meat and thickening with 2 tablespoons flour (which may be browned first in the fat before liquid is added).

"Place meat and vegetables in a baking dish. Cover with the gravy. Then cut boiled sweet potatoes into chunks and place on top of meat. Season potatoes, dot with butter, and place the baking dish under broiler or in oven until potatoes are brown and crisp on top. This serves four."

(Many thanks, Mrs. Norgaard, for this unusual recipe. It is interesting to me to know that spare-ribs and sweet potatoes are combined by the Indians. A fine Negro cook of the far South told me not long ago that "spare-ribs and sweet potatoes just naturally belong together."—Mary Lee Swann).

The Lottas, Members of the Finnish Women's Auxiliary Corps, Besides Being Good Cooks Themselves, Have Taught Many Soldiers the Art and Supplied Them With Both the Utensils and Ingredients.

POTATO PANCAKES

GRANDMA MADE THEM WITHOUT FLOUR

"I HAVE enjoyed the Housewife's Food Almanack so much (I've saved all the recipes), that I've decided to send in one that has been in our family for years," writes Miss Ruth Scholz, Racine, Wis. "I hope it is interesting enough to print. The pancakes are different in containing no flour, and a process in their preparation eliminates their usual purplish color.

"Pare and wash several large potatoes, then put potatoes in a bowl with just enough water to cover them. Let stand a few minutes (not more than 5 minutes), then pour the potatoes into a colander, with a bowl beneath the colander, so that the water is not thrown away. Set grated potatoes aside. Allow the starch in the water the potatoes have been washed into to settle to the bottom of the bowl. This only takes a few minutes. Pour off the purplish water, carefully, so as not to disturb the starch at the bottom. Then mix this starch with grated potatoes. Beat into the mixture, three well beaten eggs. Salt to taste and fry on a very hot griddle."

(Your potato pancakes are gems, Miss Scholz. They are particularly nice with apple jelly.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

CRY BABY COOKIES

HOW TO STOP A YOUNGSTER'S TEARS

"ALL children like cookies so much, I am submitting a recipe for the most delicious cookies I ever tasted," writes Mrs. J. E. Thacker, Houston, Texas. "They are made this way. I'm sure you'll like them:

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup milk (sour)
- 4 cups flour
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raisins
- ½ teaspoon each of: nutmeg, clove and allspice

"Cream shortening and sugar; add beaten eggs, then molasses and milk. Mix flour, raisins and spices and add to batter. Drop in greased pan and bake in oven 325 degrees, about ten minutes. This mixture makes twelve dozen cookies, which should be a week's supply for three children."

(After sampling your cookies I can understand how you came to name your recipe "Cry Baby Cookies," Mrs. Thacker. They are tempting enough to stop any young child's tears.—Mary Lee Swann).

Epicures Say That Some of the World's Best Smorgasbord Is Made by the Aland Islanders.

LEMON POT PIE

SERVE IT HOT—SERVE IT COLD

"I AM an aged woman, and I know that the recipe submitted has been in our family for a great many years. It does not necessitate the preparation of any kind of meat, yet it is appetizing and novel in taste as a meal," writes Mrs. A. J. Smith, Jamaica, New York.

- 1½ cups flour
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ⅓ cup butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 cups cold water
- 3 lemons
- Cream

"Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl; add butter and cut into the flour with a knife, then rub it in with the tips of the fingers and add sufficient cold water to make a stiff paste of the nature of dropped biscuits. Put the two cups cold water into a deep saucepan, add the sugar and the strained juice of the lemons; bring to the boiling point and allow to boil for twenty minutes. Then drop the paste from a spoon into this boiling liquid, and cover, permitting it to boil for twenty minutes longer. Serve hot or cold with cream, or butter and sugar. Serves six."

(Mrs. Smith, some of our very finest recipes have come to us from our aged friends who have had the experience of keeping house and serving appetizing and nourishing food to their families for many years. We asked four of our aged readers to sample your Lemon Pot Pie when we tried it out in our Test Kitchen and they liked it so much they asked for your recipe. —Mary Lee Swann.)

Gracing this lovely hand—Udall and Ballou's* superb sapphire bracelet
*Exclusive New York jewel house

Do your hands suggest jewels to some man?

You can have the kind of hands that say jewels to him—

Yes, even though you do use them for some active form of work. Today thousands of women are keeping their hands smooth, soft, youthfully feminine by using Danya, the wonderful new-type hand lotion.

Danya is based on an absolutely new formula. Many women are sold on it after *one trial*—because they find Danya works so quickly and effectively. No drying alcohol or glycerine in Danya. Instead, a special formula for helping to give your skin greater softness and suppleness.

Get a bottle of Danya today. Or send 6¢ for generous-size trial bottle. Pond's, Clinton, Connecticut, makers of Pond's Creams.

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Enclosed please find 6¢ for generous-size trial bottle of Danya, Pond's new-type hand lotion.

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City State
This offer is good in the U. S. A. only. Expires Mar 1, 1940

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(NOT JUST A HALF OZ.)

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Her looks and talent made her Hollywood's newest star!

Mary **MARTIN** *wears* **Evening in Paris Face Powder** *because it*

- ★ STAYS ON
- ★ STAYS CLEAR
- ★ STAYS SMOOTH

Unknown a short time ago, Mary Martin leapt to Broadway and Hollywood stardom in one short year. Social engagements and personal appearances continually occupy her, but through it all, her complexion always keeps its enchanting freshness. She maintains this loveliness with Evening in Paris Face Powder... It *stays on, stays clear, stays* smooth. There are Rouge and Lipstick to harmonize. Face Powder, $1.00. Rouge or Lipstick, 55c.

Evening in Paris
CREATED BY
BOURJOIS

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More rolls of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf are used in homes throughout the world than any other brand of toilet tissue . . .

Waldorf is chosen by so many mothers because it gives baby's delicate skin such *gentle cleansing* and is at the same time so amazingly economical. Free from tiny splinters or any irritating roughness, highly absorbent, "Soft-Weve" Waldorf assures the thorough but *gentle cleansing* that modern mothers realize is so important.

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST: Hold a piece of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf to the light. You can *see* its smooth, even, cloth-like texture. Give *your* child this protection! Get a supply of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf tomorrow!

Copr., 1940, Scott Paper Co.

Trade Mark "Soft-Weve" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

5¢

Ever Eat Spinach?

HOW do you prepare it? Maybe you have some special way of cooking it—or some new twist in preparing some other dish that lifts it out of the commonplace?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays $5 for each recipe selected for use in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Turn to that page NOW!

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Macaroni au Gratin, Apple Muffins, Green Bouquet Salad, California French Dressing, Tea with Lemon. ***Dinner*** Roast Hamburg Steak, Potato Snow, Harvard Beets, Brussels Sprouts Salad, Mayonnaise, Pineapple Mint Ice Cream.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Liver en Brochette (New Orleans Style), Scalloped Potatoes or Creamed Corn, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Salad, Crumbled Cheese in French Dressing, Tea. ***Dinner*** Ham and Veal Loaf, Baked Potatoes, "Eggplant So-Red-the-Rose", Endive Salad, Snow Pudding with Custard Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Corn Oysters, Melba Toast, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Potato Chowder, Crisp Rye Wafers, Fruit Trifle, Sponge Drops, Tea. ***Dinner*** Crown Roast of Pork, Spiced Red Apples, Mint Jelly, Mashed Sweet Potatoes, Celery, Carrot Curls, Dandelion Greens, Cottage Pudding with Strawberry Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Sauerkraut Juice or Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Melba Toast, Coffee. ***Breakfast*** Spinach in Noodle Ring, Danish Rolls, Orange Asparagus Salad, French Dressing, Hermits, Tea. ***Dinner*** Mixed Grill, Shredded Celery, Cabbage and Radish Slaw, Loganberry Sponge, Swedish Style.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Shellfish Cocktail with Lemon Sauce, Bohemian Pancakes or Delicate Waffles with Creamed Vegetables, Peach Tapioca, Tea. ***Dinner*** Sea-Food Savory, Glazed Carrots, Green Asparagus, Green Cucumber Pickles, Upside-Down Checkerboard Cake.	***Breakfast*** Canned Berries or Juice, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon (Company)*** Brunswick Stew, Cornbread, Cole Slaw, Old-Fashioned Apple Pie, Coffee. ***Supper*** Oyster Fricassee in Border of Riced Potatoes, Mixed Green Salad, Citrus Fruit Dressing, Coffee Jelly, Mystery Cake.	***Breakfast*** Grapes, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Crisp Rye Wafers, French Rolls, Coffee. ***Dinner*** Cranberry Juice Cocktail, Roast Beef with Yorkshire Pudding, Gravy, Buttered Green Beans, Swiss Chard or Spinach, Stuffed Beet Salad, Mayonnaise, Green-Gages with Baked Custard Sauce, Coffee. ***Supper*** Canned Corn Waffles, Bacon, Syrup, Apple Whip, Cocoa.

Almanack Echoes

ALMANACK JUDGES HAVE THEIR WOES

Dear Almanack Editor:

Ever since the Almanack started more than a year and a half ago, we've been on the job assorting the recipes sent in by readers from everywhere.

As you know, we're doing our darndest to select prize winning recipes, try them out in the Test Kitchen and, if they prove worthy, pass on our recommendation to you that their originators be awarded $5 checks. One reason why some of the contestants fail to win prizes is because of handwriting that is hard to decipher. There have been quite a few in which it was unable to tell whether they mean "tablespoons" or "teaspoons."

Others make figures such as "½," "¼," etc., so illegible that we just can't decide what they mean. It's a shame, too, because there are probably several worthy additional recipes which would win prizes if the handwriting was more legible.

Almanack Recipe Judges.

(The above letter speaks for itself, Almanackers. Won't you help the judges and incidentally better your chances of winning recipe prizes by writing legibly? Write out carefully all measurements especially.—The Editor.)

SOUR RICE

Dear Almanack:

The following recipe originated in Austria, the home of my mother-in-law, and is her own concoction and her most special recipe for cooking rice.

Brown in a skillet, filled with half a cup of genuine olive oil, one sliced onion of goodly size. After onion is well cooked (not burned) add one can tomato sauce and two-thirds cup raw China rice. To this add half a cup of vinegar and two cups water, pepper and salt to taste. Cover and let simmer slowly until rice is cooked. It may be necessary to add more water when rice begins to swell as in high altitudes it requires more water than in low altitudes. When rice is well cooked your sour rice dish is done. (stir constantly).

Mrs. Tillie Petrinovich,
Reno, Nevada.

(Mrs. Petrinovich, we are delighted to award you a prize for this unusual recipe. Many of our finest recipes have come to us from our Austrian friends, including our favorite Wiener Schnitzel, Apfelstrudel, Calf Gulyas, Chocolate Buns, etc.—Mary Lee Swann.)

WORSTER BRIAR

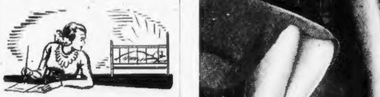
Here is a recipe that has been in our family for over 100 years. I have never heard of anyone having Worster Briar, except relatives on my father's side for generations.

- 4½ pounds pork
- 2 pounds beef
- 1½ pounds rice
- 2 tablespoons each of allspice and cloves
- Add salt and red pepper to taste

Boil pork and beef together until tender. Remove from stock or water and grind. Now strain this stock, put back on stove, let come to a boil, then put rice in and cook. Then put in this ground meat and the seasonings—it takes lots of salt and pepper. Stir carefully to prevent sticking, cooking about 15 minutes. Pour up in bread pans, put in refrigerator until ready to use. Slice what you need and fry slowly with just a little grease as it has plenty in it. This keeps indefinitely.

Mrs. L. W. Routt,
Navasota, Texas.

(Worster Briar is an intriguing name for a recipe, Mrs. Routt. Yours is a prize winner. Mary Lee Swann).



THIS WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNERS

Mrs. C. E. Carlson,
Aurora, Nebraska.
Mrs. C. L. Schulze,
Sidney, Ohio.
Wilma Throne,
Clyde, Ohio.
Mrs. R. C. Jackson,
Inglewood, Cal.
Mrs. Minda A. Smith,
Racine, Wisconsin.
Mrs. A. J. Smith,
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
Mrs. Ralph L. Norgaard,
Buffalo, Minn.
Miss Ruth Scholz,
Racine, Wisconsin.
Miss J. E. Thacker,
Houston, Texas.
Mrs. Sandra Laupiainen,
Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Edna Lehto,
Aura (Baraga County), Michigan.
Mrs. James Corpron,
Belden, N. Dakota.
Mrs. Tillie Petrinovich,
Reno, Nevada.
Mrs. L. W. Routt,
Navasota, Tex.

NEXT WEEK

Ah-mo is a little Indian girl whose log-cabin recipes are well worth trying. Then too you'll probably like to prepare Carrots a la Cyrano, Buttermilk Scotch, Mummy's Fruit Drops, Pennsylvania Dutch Pie and other prize winners which will appear in next week's Almanack.

I CAUGHT YOU, CALVIN, STEALIN' MY OATMEAL NUT COOKIES
SAYS AUNT JENNY

YOUR FOLKS WILL BE CRAZY ABOUT SPRY COOKIES, TOO. TRY THESE—

OATMEAL NUT COOKIES
Tasty with spices and fruit

1 cup Spry
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 cups rolled oats
½ cup raisins, chopped
1 cup nuts, chopped
3 cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons soda
¼ cup milk

Combine Spry, salt and spices and blend. Add sugar and cream well. (A child could do it, Spry mixes *so* easily!) Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Add rolled oats, raisins and nuts, mixing well.

Sift flour and soda together; add flour to rolled oats mixture, alternately with milk, blending thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon 2 inches apart on baking sheets greased with Spry. Flatten slightly with spatula. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 6 dozen—but watch them disappear! See what delicious cakes and pastry Spry gives, too, and such crispy, digestible fried foods.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

(Clip and save this Spry recipe)

Extra-delicious results when you bake and fry the Spry way —thanks to Spry's 3 EXTRA ADVANTAGES

"SPRY'S purer. That's advantage No. 1. An' you can *taste* that it is in the fine, delicate flavor of your Spry cookin', whether you're enjoyin' a light, delicate Spry cake . . . or a temptin' pie with tender, flaky Spry crust . . . or some crispy, digestible Spry-fried foods," says Aunt Jenny.

"Spry stays fresh longer, too. An' it creams *so* easily. (You'll notice that when you make these tasty Oatmeal Nut Cookies.) That makes *three* extra advantages an' only Spry gives *all* three. Be smart, change to Spry for *all* bakin' an' fryin'."

NO UNPLEASANT SMELL OR SMOKE WHEN YOU FRY WITH SPRY IT'S PURER

NO WONDER SPRY CAKES AND PIES ARE BETTER TASTIN', TOO
Spry

Gleaming white, smooth as satin, Spry *looks* purer —*and it is!*

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Save the ELASTICITY of your stockings with new, quick Lux. You'll cut down stocking bills!

New, quick Lux whisks away PERSPIRATION ODOR completely—keeps undies new-looking longer, leaves the colors lovely.

In the same familiar box—your dealer has it now . . . at no extra cost to you!

Above: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U. S. Gov't methods.

Uncle Sam,
TOBACCO EXPERT !

"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever . . . and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert…

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W: "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W: "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why…**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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